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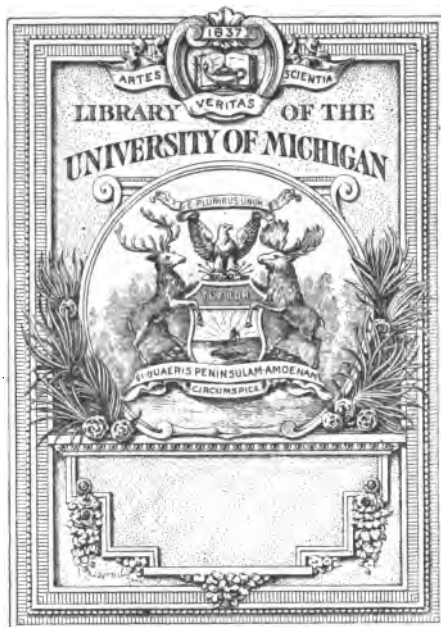
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Around
the Fireside

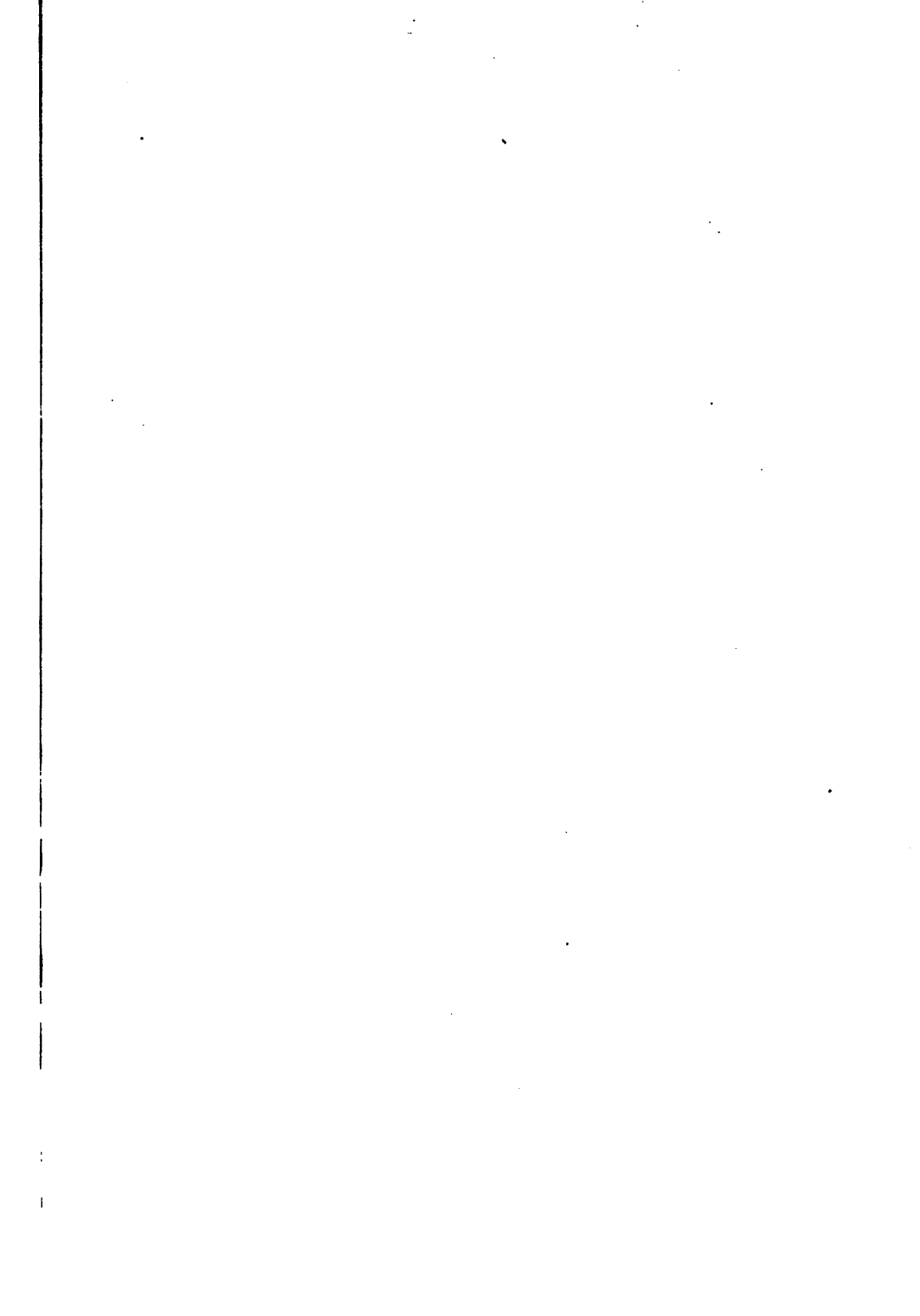


TRIPP

AND
OTHER
POEMS



828
T836a



WFOU



Sincerely yours,
Howard Carleton Tripp.

11

1872

1872

A. Carlton Tripp.

Yours truly,
Charles Carlton Child

Around

The

Fireplace

and

Other

Rooms



By
Howard Carleton Tripp.

AROUND THE FIRESIDE

And Other Poems

BY

HOWARD CARLETON TRIPP.



ILLUSTRATED

TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY,

KINGSLEY, IOWA.

1893

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1893,
BY HOWARD C. TRIPP.

15 Feb. 12 - G.B.P.

TO
ISABELLE, MY WIFE,
AND
HELEN, OUR CHILD,
ONE,
A FRIEND, COMRADE, HELPMATE AND LOVER,
THE OTHER,
AN ANGEL INSPIRATION.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

HOWARD CARLETON TRIPP was born at Plano, Kendall county, Illinois, April 4, 1861. Commenced his literary career at the age of ten by contributing poems and short stories to the local press. Received his early education at country schools and for two terms attended the Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Up to his twenty-first year he spent the greater part of his life on a farm. Taught district schools for several terms. Began editorial work at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he was associate editor of the *Gossip*, a society paper. Subsequently edited the *East Texas Rambler* at Queen City, Texas, and the *Lemars Daily and Weekly Leader* at Lemars, Iowa. Is now editor and publisher of the *Times*, a local republican paper at Kingsley, Iowa. Was married August 26, 1890, to Miss Isabelle M. Steele.

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AROUND THE FIRESIDE.

333



"THIS IS THE SACRED FANE FOR ALL MANKIND,—AROUND THE FIRESIDE."

Brady & Co.

AROUND THE FIRESIDE.

AROUND the fireside should grow and bloom
All human virtues. In its golden light
There should be neither selfishness nor gloom,
But all the family be glad and bright
For being members of the circle there;
This is the place where love and joy should find
A balm or nectar for the heart's despair;
This is the sacred fane for all mankind,—
Around the fireside.

Around the fireside should ever be
To gladness given, but to sadness dumb;
Here should those long-departed always see
A haven they may enter when they come
Across the ocean billows of this life;
Here should the sin-sick sons and daughters cast
Life's anchor evermore and quell the strife
Within their hearts, here should they come at last,—
Around the fireside.

Around the fireside God's love should shine,
And life should sparkle with the splendid blaze
Of duties nobly done, and acts divine,
With words of comfort and with hopeful lays
And songs of welcome, from the happy throng
That makes the circle of all hopes allied
To all good things, knowing no hate nor wrong,
No selfish motives and no sordid pride,—
Around the fireside.

Around the fireside hearts should grow warm
With acts of kindness, as in Heaven's clime
The sin-freed spirit may forget the storm
That oft assailed it in the olden time;
So should the heart forget its earthly care
While round the ever pleasant, cheerful blaze;
The home should be a holy spot since there
Is spent the better part of life's sweet days,—
Around the fireside.

SELF-RELIANCE.

OBSERVING all laws of love and compliance,
Obeying all laws that better and bless;
There's nothing so good as strong self-reliance
To guide a young man up the hill of success.
Submissive to nothing but God's subjugation,
A servant to no one, but lord of himself,
He soon will be standing on that elevation,
Beyond the oppression of power and pelf.

Beyond all oppression, beyond all the science
Of tyrants to lead him, and lords to obey,
He's strongest by far with his grand self-reliance
Than those who would drive him about on his way.
Rejecting assistance, persistent in winning
The prize he is after, though enemies frown,
Successes await those who, in the beginning,
Start out with intentions of earning their crown.

Applying himself to his duties forever,
Still patiently toiling with heart and with hand,
If he will but follow an honest endeavor,
The world will award him a worthy command.
Obeying all laws of love and compliance,
Observing all laws that better and bless,
There's nothing so good as a strong self-reliance
To guide a young man up the hill of success.

ROBERT SPRING.

UNDER the maples sat Robert Spring,
With a bright, glad look in his azure eyes;
He listened to hear the robins sing,
While clouds were sailing through sunny skies.
Over his features the sunbeams came
And softly lingered a moment there;—
I pictured for him renown and fame,
Ere time had silvered his raven hair.

He was my darling, my only boy,
My fondest hope, and my constant care;
He filled my slumbers with dreams of joy,
And he made my days more bright and fair.
I loved my darling, my perfect one,
With a love as strong as a glowing flame;
And hoped ere his course of life was done
To see him high on the mount of fame.

How often our castles we build in vain,
And often are crushed our grand desires;
And, oh, how we feel life's hardest pain
Just as the angel of hope expires.
For under the maples lies Robert Spring,
Clad in the robes that dead men wear;
He can hear no more how the robins sing,
Nor watch them sail through the sunny air.

Ah, often we wait for our grain to grow,
And after the harvest time expires,
We gather in place of the seeds we sow
Only the chaff of our dead desires.

HOW VAIN THIS LIFE OF OURS.

BY woodlands green, by fields of grain
We hurried by, each hand in hand,
With hearts, time-tried, and full of pain,
We hastened to the graveyard land.
Long had we been from home afar,
And, now returning, there had come
To search for names, new-carved, that are
As door plates to our final home.

The grass-grown graves, once wide apart,
Were many now, and o'er them all
Our silent tears were quick to start,
And, like the raindrops, quick to fall.
The names of olden friends we found
Inscribed 'mid wreaths of marble flowers,
And while we gazed on each low mound,
We thought, how vain this life of ours.

NEVER MIND.

NEVER mind! Life's way is dreary,
And the world seems so unkind;
Feet and hands are worn and weary,
Soul is saddened—never mind!
Never mind! Oh, little maiden,
If with tears your eyes are blind,
And your heart with grief is laden,
'Twill cease beating—never mind!

Never mind! Though storms assail you,
Though God's path is hard to find,
Faith and grace can never fail you,
Do life's duty—never mind!
Never mind! Oh, toiling woman,
Be to daily tasks resigned,
Woe and grief and pain are human,
And will leave you—never mind!

Never mind! Life's evening shadows
May make weakened eyes more blind,
Though you miss Joy's eldorados
On life's journey—never mind!
Never mind! Oh, sin-sick mortal,
Be to death and heaven resigned,
Some time you shall pass the portal
Of sweet refuge—never mind!

Never mind! Oh, child just going
To the griefs your heart must find!
Never mind! Oh, woman knowing
All life's burdens—never mind!
Never mind! Oh, sin-tried spirit,
Care-tried, toil-tried soul so blind
To death's sweetness—do not fear it,
Take its blessings—never mind!

LEGEND OF THE ENCHANTED HILL.

AN ancient legend, good or ill,
Describes a fair, enchanted hill
Whose summit, reaching to the skies,
Contained a very precious prize
For him who would ascend to find,
Yet did not cast a look behind;
One backward glance, aye, one alone
Would change the climber into stone!

And he forevermore would be
A stony statue fair to see;
And evermore in seeming pride
Adorn the hill's enchanting side,
A guide in all the future time,
For those who did attempt to climb,—
But all who tried the prize to find
Somehow would cast a look behind.

Upon that hillside did a throng
Of sirens sing an endless song.
Its groves were beautiful to see
With sylvan dells, fair as could be,
With blossoms that did charm the eyes
Of all who clambered for the prize;
With flowing streams like rills of wine,
And fruits of paradise divine.

And many did attempt to climb,
So says this tale of olden time,
Until the hillside grew more fair
With lifeless statues standing there;
With lifeless statues gazing back
Upon a former place or track,
Where some fair siren in disguise
Had tried to win them from the skies.

Life is that fair, enchanted hill,
And heaven the prize; for good or ill,
We climb the realm of God to find,
Our vices make us look behind.
Our vices are the sirens fair
That woo us backward to despair,
Unto the sin-joys we have known—
'Till death shall change us into stone.



Moses Gage Shirley

(OF GOFFSTOWN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.)

THE FLOWERS OF AFFECTION.

INSCRIBED TO MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY, OF GOFFSTOWN, NEW HAMPSHIRE; AUTHOR OF
"EVERYDAY RHYMES;" "A BOOK OF POEMS," ETC., ETC.

WE stamp beneath our careless, cruel feet
The wayside blossoms, beautiful and sweet;

We crush within our hearts, or let decay
Affections like these blossoms by the way.

We stamp the flowers with little thought or care,
Not that their fragrance may enrich the air;

But crush we heart affections lest their art
Might, seeming to mankind, pollute the heart.

The flowers again can spring from out the sod
And with new blossoms smile again at God;

But when affections have been trampled down 'tis then
We feel and know they cannot live again.

THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

O H, wondrous is this garden fair!
The garden of the heart:
We scatter seeds of virtue there,
The seeds of thought and art.

We cultivate such splendid flowers
Within its spirit mould,
'Till death, like winter, overpowers
Them with his frost and cold.

We grow therein the plant of truth,
It doth our strength engage;
And love is planted there in youth,
And hate is grown in age.

And envy lives therein or dies,
And courage there is found;
While hope with upraised angel-eyes
Springs upward from its ground.

And beauty oft in splendor blooms,
Its freshness to impart;
We use it to adorn the tombs
That are outside the heart.

And pride, the poison-poppy flower,
Doth poison all the air;
The buds of poverty and power
Are sure to flourish there.

The Garden of the Heart.

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And gloom, the aloe turned to dust,
And lust here have a place;
Here grow the seeds of faith and trust,
Here blooms the plant disgrace.

And grief, the root that never dies,
Its thistle seedlets spread;
And joy's divinest mysteries
Here have a narrow bed.

And pain, and woe, and crime, and care,
And pleasure's laughing eye,
Are found in turn to flourish there,
In turn to live and die.

Oh, wondrous is this garden fair,
The garden of the heart;
We scatter seeds of virtue there,
The seeds of thought and art.

TWO MERRY EYES OF AZURE BLUE.

I.

TWO merry eyes of azure blue
Are peeping from the window there;
Two little hands with naught to do,
One happy heart without a care,
Awaiting at the casement there.

And as I pass into the room
She runs to meet me at the door;
My mind is lightened of its gloom,
And all my troubles now are o'er—
I am with my dear child once more.

II.

Two sunken eyes of azure hue
Are closed within the coffin there;
Two snow-white hands with naught to do
Are clasped beneath the roses fair,
And I am weeping in despair.

Ah, precious one! with merry eyes,
And tiny hands with naught to do;
We'll meet thee far beyond the skies,
Where with a faithful heart and true
Thou'rt watching with thine eyes of blue.

A WINTER SCENE.

UPON a mountain's crest I stand
And look upon the world below;
The landscape is a silver land
Of wave-like drifts of shining snow.
The tall and slender pines uplift
Their steeples in the purple air;
The crimson sun-gems sway and shift
O'er distant mountains dim and fair.

A misty cloud floats o'er the sea
And drops its snow-pearls softly down
Into the vale in front of me,
And hides from sight the little town
That stands below a distant ledge,
Near by the ocean's sandy beach,
Seeming to be the very edge
Of this fair world—just out of reach.

The skies grow bright, the sun appears
An arc of phosphorescent fire;
Mine eyes grow dim with unshed tears,
My heart is pulsing with desire;
I wish that I could rule the sun,
Could stop at once his sudden flight,
And paint these beauties every one
Before the coming of the night.

Each distant mount is getting dim,
The valleys look like shadow-bars;
The sun drops o'er the ocean's rim,
And night comes on; the moon and stars
Seem like pale specters of the air
That are by turns both dim and bright,
And this grand scene so rich and fair
Has vanished in the mists of night.

AT THE GATES OF DEATH.

DREAMING, one night, I drifted
To the gates of death ajar,
And through the mists uplifted
I saw a silent star.
It shone in mystic glory
Above a mountain's height,
And with enchanting grandeur
It broke the gloom of night.

Now dim and fair it glistened
From the distant upper skies,
While long I looked and listened
For the notes of paradise.
For well I knew the music
From those delightful spheres
Would burst in sunlight beauty
Upon my waiting ears.

A sudden hush, a rumble,
And then from off the sod
I sprang, a spirit humble
And weak, before my God.
Then came a burst of music,
The star in beauty gleamed;
I woke and found in anguish
That I had only dreamed.

But still when life is ended
I may then understand,
Why I shall be befriended
Up in the better land;
Why I shall hear the music,
And see with happy eyes
The star that glistens brightly
In yonder paradise.

For, dreaming, I have drifted
To the gates of death ajar,
And through the mists uplifted
Have seen a distant star;
And as the star hath vanished
Away from mortal view,
Upon some future morrow
My death may prove it true.

ADOWN THE STREAM.

THE sunbeams stab the purple stream,
And bubbles float upon its breast;
The landscape in a peaceful dream
Is sleeping in a perfect rest.
The tall, huge pines adorn the clift
Where stands a fortress battered down,
While she and I in gladness drift
Beyond the noises of the town.

Fair clouds of beauty slowly float
Above us like a snowy shroud,
And hide in shade our little boat
As tears are hidden in a crowd.
The shores grow dimmer to our sight,
The woodlands wear their plumes unfurled,
And silent shadows of the night
Descend upon the restless world.

'Tis then we whisper soft and low
The sacred wishes of the heart,
The joys and pleasures we would know
And hope for in life's busy part.
'Tis then that gladness comes around,
And while the star-gems glow and gleam,
And night's fair queens are shadow-crowned
We drift adown the silver stream.

Adown the wondrous stream of life
So we shall pass in joy or woe,
In merry gladness or in strife
With rapid billows onward go.
Oh, God! when comes eternity,
For it shall come when life shall cease,
May we move on a calm, still sea
Into the harbor of sweet Peace.

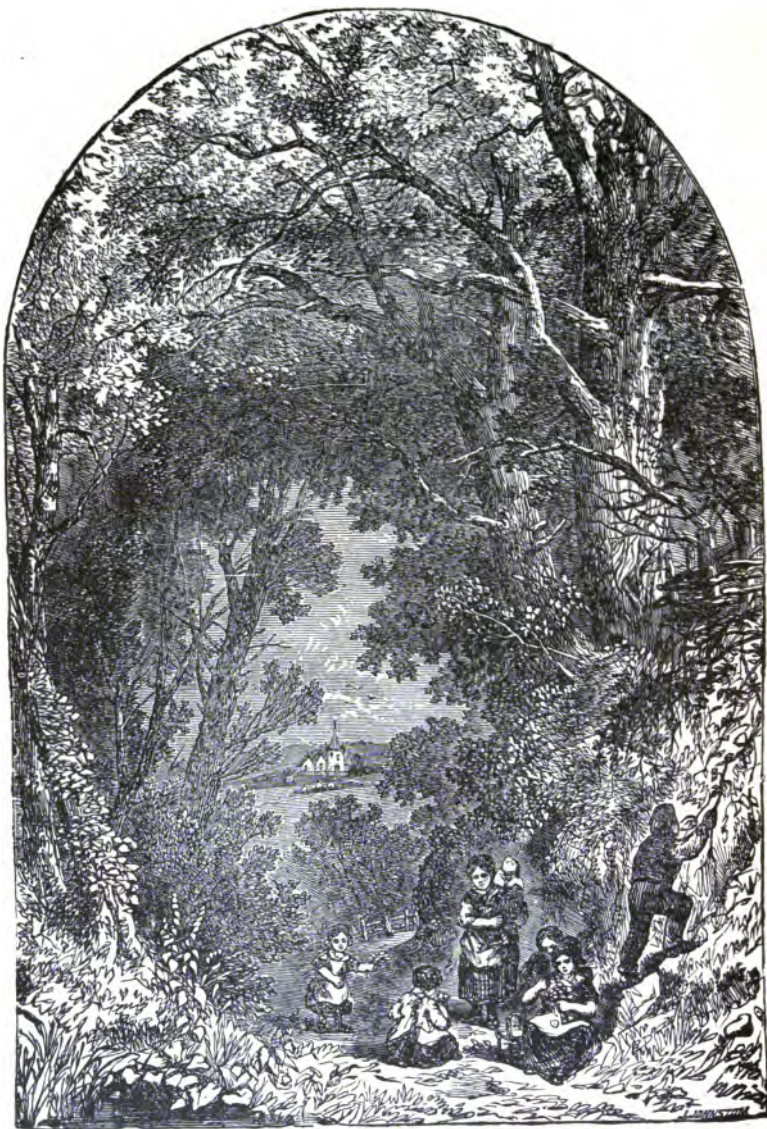
A LESSON FROM THE ROSE BUSH.*

BESIDE a limpid stream a rose bush grew;
Its blossoms filled the air with rich perfume,
Upon it fell the summer's sun and dew,
The autumn gales swept roughly o'er its tomb.

Such are the scenes of life,—in childhood's hours
Hope comes to still the cares within the breast,
And like the rose bush with its fragrant flowers
Old age comes on and we are laid to rest.

The rose bush can this lesson well unfold:
Strive to excel in being good and wise.
Oh, learn it, children, ere thy lives are old!
'Neath its foundation all thy glory lies.

*This poem has been set to music for bass and baritone singers, by Mr. C. C. Stearns, Worcester, Mass., to whom the poem is dedicated. The music can be obtained of White, Smith & Co., music publishers, Boston, Mass.



" IN BEAUTY'S ROBE THE GRAND OLD GLOBE
WAS DECKED WITH GOLD AND GREEN,
FOR SUMMER'S HAND HAD DRESSED THE LAND
AS GOD'S ANOINTED QUEEN.
* * * * *

AND CHILDREN GAY WERE OUT TO STRAY
IN COOL AND SHADY BOWERS."

A SUMMER PICTURE.

THE eastern bars that held the stars
 Began to break away,
And night's despair commenced to wear
 The golden robe of day.
O'er field and town there glisten down
 The beams of paradise;
And misty clouds like snowy shrouds
 Adorn the sunny skies.
In beauty's robe the grand old globe
 Was decked with gold and green,
For summer's hand had dressed the land
 As God's anointed queen.

In streams of mist the sun-god kissed
 The meadows stretching wide;
And over all the shadows fall
 As laces veil the bride.
The sighing breeze bowed down the trees
 And lightly kissed the flowers;
And children gay were out to stray
 In cool and shady bowers.
The god of joy without alloy
 Seemed reigning everywhere,
And not a pain was there to stain
 A single heart with care.

THE SLEEP OF REST.

IN slumber sweet a little maid
Is dreaming fast the hours away
Where song birds sing a merry lay
Beneath the old oak's sylvan shade.

The laughing waters of the rill
Lisp songs unknown to any time;
And while they chant a blissful chime,
The sunshine kisses plain and hill.

And still in sleep the peaceful maid
Dreams on, while sunbeams in the west
Sink lower to their couch of rest
And cast on her their light and shade.

Alas! she sleeps the sleep of rest,
For death hath claimed her lovely form;
In slumber sweet she passed the storm
That gathered round her peaceful breast.

O, loved one lost! O, peaceful sleep!
Our bark we launch upon the waves,
And drift to that still land of graves,
Where friends may gather round and weep.

And yet we think that life is best;
We fill our brains with visions wild,
But soon, just like the little child,
We'll sleep the blessed sleep of rest.

ON THE BILLOWS.

“ I HAVE heard thy serpent-hisses, when I had a poor man's fare,
Now I hate the fawning kisses in thy whirlwind of despair;
And I scorn the words of pleading, as I did thy proffered rest,
For the old-time wounds are bleeding deep in my triumphant
breast;—

Will I save thee? never, *never*, while my hands are strong and free,
And the waves shall rush forever in their madness over thee!

“ No! false friend, I will not let thee enter in my splendid bark,
I am glad the wild waves wet thee and the dreary night is dark;
And at morn the tide unheeding to thy prayers repeated o'er
From this rock shall cast thee bleeding on the desolated shore;
I have spoken now the sentence that will land thee in thy grave,
And thy words of wild repentance can not stay the cruel wave.

“ Ah, false knave, such is life's gladness; while I safely sail the sea,
Thou art driven by Fate's madness, to a dark eternity;
Once, with thee, I slave-like pleaded, but my prayers were cast aside
And my wishes were unheeded by thy cruel, selfish pride;
Now thy pleading for assistance brings me glory for to-day,
And I offer thee resistance in the same old selfish way!

* * * * *

“ Take away this earthly glory! I will save thee if I can,
I will try to make a story that is worthy of a man!
I forgive thee for the slaughters, in the awful years gone by,
Enter in, we'll sail the waters, or, both shall together die;
Enter in, we'll brave together all the billows rushing past,
And in spite of waves and weather we may reach the shore at last..”



EDGAR WELLTON COOLEY,
MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

"I HAVEN'T LONG TO STAY."

INSCRIBED TO MR. EDGAR WELLTON COOLEY, AN AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

"I HAVEN'T long to stay," life's taper
Is burned near to its socket's rim;
The days about my candle caper
Like senseless bugs—the light is dim,
Yet still they fly into the flame
That men call life—each new-born day
Makes me more sensitive to fame,
Yet still—"I haven't long to stay."

"I haven't long to stay," remember,
Life's spring is gone, its summer fled,
And autumn's past, 'tis now December,
The leaves upon the trees are dead;
And so with life its leaves are faded,
The pleasant harvest passed away;
I live alone, unloved, unaided
By friends—"I haven't long to stay."

"I haven't long to stay," my glory
Was but a childish hope, a dream;
In youth I left the promontory
Of joy to drift adown the stream
Into fame's harbor, but I found it not,
Somehow I missed it on my way;
But I'll not moan, this is the common lot
Of all—"I haven't long to stay."

WHICH SUFFERED MOST?

SHE sat beside her cabin door,
And sang a sweet, pathetic song,
And watched the soldiers pass along
Down to their boats upon the shore.

And when her lover passed, she sighed,
And from her lips she threw a kiss,
Which his swift glances did not miss,
For Maude was his intended bride.

He went to fight, she lingered there
Within the sad and lonely dell,—
Which suffered most? We cannot tell
Which heart endured the most despair.

Which suffered most? The warrior brave,
Who fought for freedom's gory goal,
Or she who mourned until her soul
Found rest and peace within the grave?

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE FLAG, ONE MONEY."

DEDICATED TO MR. MARK M. POMEROV, EDITOR OF "ADVANCE THOUGHT,"
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"ONE Country, One Flag, One Money" should be
The watchwords of this, the land of the free.

One Country! No Northland, nor Southland, nor West,
Nor Eastland, but one incomparable whole;
Of all lands, "The Great Land," "The Fairest," "The Best,"
Of all lands and nations, the one peerless soul!
One Country! The refuge of Freedom's fair child,
Where slave-men may come their bonds to release;
Oh, let not our Country by creeds be defiled
That follow not after the great Prince of Peace.

"One Country, One Flag, One Money," shall be
The passwords of this, our land of the free.

One Banner for Freedom, one fair Flag to float
O'er rich men and poor men; where paupers may be
The equal of princes; where Liberty's note
Is low as a soft sigh, or loud as the sea!
One Banner defying all banners that wave;
One fair flag that floats in the azure above,
Enshrouding the coward as well as the brave,
Whose heart-strings are tuned this country to love.

"One Country, One Flag, One Money," must be
The watchwords of this great land of the free.



" 'ONE COUNTRY, ONE MONEY, ONE FLAG' SHOULD BE
THE WATCHWORDS OF THIS, THE LAND OF THE FREE."

One Money that's good for the rich and the poor,
One standard of worth, no matter its name,
Be it gold, brass or silver, 'twill ever endure
If stamped by the nation and backed by its fame!
One money for all men! Let that be the best,
Be it paper, or silver, or copper, or gold;
For the Northland, the Southland, the Eastland and West,
It should by the people be held and controlled.

"One Country, One Flag, One Money," should be
The standard of this, our land of the free.

"One Country, One Flag, One Money," for all;
The pauper and prince are as brothers to-day;
Our Country must be for the great and the small,
Our Flag be the emblem of Liberty's sway!
One Money, the standard throughout the wide world,
One Country, the greatest that ever can be,
One Flag o'er Humanity's haven unfurled,
Oh, let the people be free, ever free!

"One Country, One Flag, One Money," must be
The watchwords of this great land of the free!

HER DEPARTURE.

THE bloom upon the ripened grape was like her sweet and airy smiles!

In them her soul seemed to escape and pass adown the fairy aisles
 Into Glee's mansion-house sublime,—we touch the grape, its
 bloom is lost;
 So with her smiles, the touch of time did slay them as a blighting
 frost.

The blush upon the autumn peach was like the love-light in her eyes!
 Their rays of gladness seemed to reach from out their depths to
 Paradise

In an unbroken stream of glee,—we touch the peach, its blush is
 gone;

Time touched her eyes and stole from me that love-light brighter
 than the dawn.

The dew-tints on the blooming rose were like the vows she gave to
 me!

Oh, God! she now hath her repose, her spirit crossed the Mystic
 Sea

Of Death to rest, you understand?—Time's touch will make such
 tints decay;

Death touched her with his grasping hand, and, like them all, she
 passed away.

KING RAMIREZ.

King Ramirez, or Ramiro I., was King of Aragon, in Spain, in the first half of the twelfth century. He was much troubled by outbreaks and rebellions among the turbulent nobles in his Kingdom. In the year of 1136 it is said, the king was determined to take some decisive measure to quell this class and went to Frotardo, Abbot of San Pedro de Tomeras, for advice. The learned priest was walking in his garden when the royal guest arrived, and while the king laid the case before him, he continued to walk, and with his stick cut off the tops of the largest plants. The king took the hint, and returning to his home, summoned his grandees to the palace to consult on the casting of a bell which should be heard all over Aragon. As each noble arrived he was overpowered and his head cut off. The head and headless bodies were all thrown together into a vault under the palace. In the Palace of the Kings at Saragossa this vault is still to be seen, and it is yet called *La Campana* (The Bell) in memory of the above tragic incident.—[Chicago Inter Ocean Curiosity Shop.]

KING Ramirez, of Aragon,
Went to Frotardo, one fair dawn,
To ask this abbot how to sway
His nobles prone to disobey;
For he was troubled with their strife,
They made his life a wretched life;
He had determined long and well
Their discords and their fights to quell.

Unto the abbot with good grace
King Ramirez disposed his case;
They both within the garden walked,
And while the king unto him talked.
The abbot with his walking cue
Clipped off the tallest plants that grew
Beside the gravelled paths they trod,
And, voiceless, seemed to talk with God.

The king returned unto his throne
And made the abbot's hint his own:
He summoned in his knights to tell
About the casting of a bell
That should be beautiful and grand,
And heard throughout his troubled land;
As each prince came to plan or scoff
He there was seized, his head cut off.

The heads and bodies then were placed
Beneath the palace thus disgraced,
Within a vault known as The Bell,
(La Campana) long years to tell
This story and the memory
Of such a tragic tragedy;
At Saragossa fair, serene,
The bell-like vault can still be seen.

'Tis said Frotardo's hint or plan
Made him a greatly honored man;
Of Ramirez it has been told
That he his kingdom well controlled
Long after he had slain each knight,
Who had been anxious for a fight;
And that Don Casado did paint
A picture of him queer and quaint.

The king is standing in the gloom
Of "La Campana's" awful room,
His headless victims lying there
Seem hideous with dumb despair;
The picture hath the frightful art
To sicken both the mind and heart,—
A picture of both pride and pain,
Where pride its enemies hath slain.

The moral of the tale is this:
If we would have life's greatest bliss,
We should cut off the head of care,
Of trouble, faction, and despair,
Of pride ~~and~~ lust, of shame and sin,
And let God's rays of conscience in
That vault of life—the human soul—
If we love's kingdom would control.

THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. EUGENE J. HALL, AUTHOR AND EDITOR, CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEN Scott lay on his dying bed, awaiting death's strange
solitude,
To his friend Lockhart there he said, "Be virtuous,—religious,—
good.
Naught else will give you comfort when life's many cares are laid
aside,
Be a true man among all men,"—and then the poet calmly died.

What nobler words could he have left unto a world of sin and woe?
To those who of his worth bereft, who through the Vale of Grief
must go?
What sweeter sounds from human lips than these brave words?—a
poet's gift
To the whole world whose Sin's eclipse has kept so many souls
adrift!

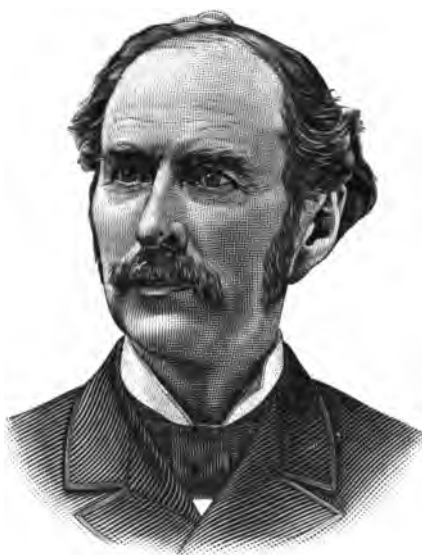
Oh, let us take them at their worth! Each honest, hoping mortal
should,
And while we live upon this earth "Be virtuous,—religious,—good."
And then when we like him have passed adown life's flying flight of
time,
While being noble to the last, shall live and die a death sublime.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN'S CREST.

UP, beyond the mountain's height,
Out, beyond the ocean's rim,
In these regions there is light,
All is perfect, nothing dim.
Farther than the eye can range,
Greater than the mind may say,
In these boundless realms of change
God and nature work away.

Planets move their spaces through,
Suns in other suns expire;
God, and light, and love, are true,
Nature's acts we can admire.
None are there who can explain
Why the stars are made to shine,
Why heat, like a golden chain
Keeps the planets all in line.

Up, beyond the mountain's crest,
Out, beyond the ocean's shore,
There perfection is, and rest,
When the cares of life are o'er.



REV. G. W. CROFTS, BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.

"OH, MAKE A TRUCE WITH GOD, NOR FIGHT
AGAINST HIS MERCIES EVKRMORE,
THEN, WHEN YOUR SPLENDID LIFE IS O'ER,
THE WORLD AND HE SHALL JUDGE YOU RIGHT."

TRUCES.

DEDICATED TO REV. G. W. CROFTS, AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN ROD AND OTHER POEMS,"
BEATRICK, NEBRASKA.

OH, make no truce with Sin. His breath
Contains a poison that will stain
The jewels in life's golden chain,
And introduce the monarch, Death.

Oh, make no truce with Lust. His eyes
Gleam with a deep and baleful light.
He is the devil-ghost of night,
And all he touches fades and dies.

Oh, make no truce with Greed. His grasp
Is fatal to a soldier true;
He will deceive and throttle you;
His hand is like a coffin clasp.

Oh, make no truce with Care. His might
Is crafty, and you should defy
All his advances, lest you die;
He is the foe to Queen Delight.

Oh, make no truce with Shame. But stand
Before your equals pure and good,
A part of God's own brotherhood
Of soldiers worthy of command.

Oh, make no truce with Gold. His worth
Is nothing to a conscience clear.
What is he to a man in fear?
A tyrant from the sordid earth.

Oh, make no truce with Death. But live
Noble and honest, true and kind,
Your soul shall leave a house behind
To take the crown that God may give.

Oh, make a truce with Love. His art
Shall soothe you in your waking hours,
And his shall be as passion flowers
That blossom in the human heart.

Oh, make a truce with Truth, and try
To gain the fortress of Renown,
By being brave. Oh, batter down
The fort of Falsehood, ere you die!

Oh, make a truce with God, nor fight
Against His goodness evermore.
Then, when your splendid life is o'er,
The world and He shall judge you right.

SO MUCH TO DO.

SO many tears our eyes may shed
Ere we shall slumber with the dead;
So much to do that is not done,
So much we never ought to do;
So many battles left unwon,
So false, when we should be so true.

So many days to sorrow given,—
So far, so far away from heaven;
So much we leave from day to day,
So little we have done at last;
And thus our moments speed away
With work undone when they are pass'd.

Oh, thus our moments pass away
With little done from day to day;
We'll sleep at last beneath the sod
Through death's dark, dismal night;
We'll leave our flaws and fau'ts with God,
And know He'll judge us right.

THE BROKEN PLEDGES.

'TWAS the last night they all would be within that college old
and gray,
"The boys" were in the highest glee,—the morrow was "Com-
mencement Day."

The red wine sparkled like a flame as every member of the class
Renewed a pledge to Hope and Fame within a parting social glass.

A youth arose! the leader there,—he had a friendly word to say.
He spoke: "This wine, so red and fair, that makes us now so glad
and gay,
Is poison to the soul divine; I plead that every friendly heart
Will pledge with me to drink no wine when time hast cast our lives
apart.

What say you, boys? this pledge, one glass, one draught of hell,
one poison-breath,
Then all the members of this class must keep the pledge, e'en unto
death.
Be honest, now; don't make the sign unless your heart is in the
cause;
Who'll swear with me this pledge of mine, and make it one of
Heaven's laws?"

Each youth arose, with right hand high, within those marble halls of
lore,
And said, "This glass, until I die, is all I'll quaff; I'll drink no more
Of that which weakens heart and brain, and poisons every sober
breath;
I swear before God to remain faithful and true, e'en unto death."

Then cheer on cheer from every throat arose and echoed far and wide;
This pledge, this oath, this sublime vote should be their glory and their pride.
So thought these comrades,—they would keep this pledge in manhood and in age,—
But Sin in youth oft sinks asleep to 'waken at Hope's heritage.

Time sped. New hopes, and loves, and fears came to each as he went his way
Bathing his failures in hot tears, or gladly smiling, when some day
Of fair success would quickly pass across his life's horizon line,—
But one,—the leader of the class,—was all that did not drink of wine.

Our social customs led them on to taste, "to only taste," and then,
When pledge, and will, and hope were gone they were as only common men
Whose strength cannot resist the foe, and so from lack of it they fall:
Ah, such is life! This curse of Woe seemeth to overshadow all!

Our social custom holds the cup of sin in some fair siren's hand
For man to quaff,—he drinks it up, and loses hope; e'en life's demand
Cannot restrain the shattered will, cannot evade the broken laws;
And so of death he drinks his fill, although conversant with the cause.

What youth among this college class was noblest? Was the leader right,
Who threw away the social glass, and kept his word and honor bright?
Or were the others truly brave who followed Custom on and on?—
Sinking into the drunkard's grave when honor, health, and hope were gone.

“I HOPE THEY’LL PLACE US SIDE BY SIDE.”

YOU’VE been an honest wife and true, my dear old Mary Ann!
An’ I do well appreciate the way you’ve worked for me;
You’ve always used me on the square, an’ called me your ol’ man,
When I was kind o’ cranky-like an’ cross as I could be.
If any trim-built Christian saint deserves a crown at last,
You oughter have one for the way you’ve struggled in the past.

All things have changed a little bit since you, dear wife, an’ I
Began to work in harness on these prairies fine an’ fair;
An’ when I think of olden times I cannot help but sigh,—
No wonder we look old an’ worn, an’ have such snowy hair.
An’ when I think about the trials that we have struggl’d through,
I kinder think we oughter sleep beneath the grass an’ dew.

We came out west together, wife, some thirty years ago,
We little thought ’twould be so hard to get a livin’ plain;
We were a green young wedded pair, an’ little did we know,
Except to love each other well through years of grief an’ pain.
We’ve raised, while growing corn an’ wheat, a lot of girls an’ boys
Who’ve been the cause of many cares, an’ also many joys.

This western country has improved, while we was growin’ old,
The ’hoppers will not come ag’in, the cyclones have played out;
The summer’s sun is not too hot, the winter’s not too cold.
Our children will lead honest lives, without the least of doubt.
An’ when our time has come to go, an’ death rings his alarm,
I hope they’ll place us side by side upon our prairie farm.

THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

THERE it stood many years by the edge of the grove,
On the brow of a beautiful hill;
Not quite a fit object for children to love,
It was built without beauty or skill.
Its weather-worn siding was once painted red,
Its windows were dirty, and black was the door;
The pupils it sheltered are nearly all dead,
They never will scuffle again on its floor.

It stood there defiant through winter's bleak hours,
Its shingles were rotten from time and decay;
In summer the dooryard was gaudy with flowers,
Where the children would scamper and merrily play;
Its chimney was battered and broken with stones,
Its benches were whittled in comic relief;
Whenever I pass it the doleful wind moans
Through the rafters, so old, like a spirit of grief.

Its half-plastered walls were smoky and brown,
The ceiling o'erhead was the color of slate;
'Twas here they assembled,—the best of the town,
On long winter evenings in earnest debate.
'Twas here that the preacher each Sabbath would come,
And dolefully mumble his time-honored prayers,
And preach a long sermon on our final home,
That lightened our purses, and also our cares.

'Twas here the schoolmaster would pummel the boys,
And favor the maidens in all of their ways;
'Twas here that the children of mischief and noise
Spent many glad hours, the best of their days.
From its door the black hearses wound over the hill,
And carried their burdens of sorrow away;
And now the old house is deserted and still,
'Tis sunk into ruins, and gone to decay.

FREEDOM.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. OTTO WETTSTEIN, OF ROCHELLE, ILLINOIS, A FREE-
THOUGHT AUTHOR OF ABILITY AND DISTINCTION.

GIVE us the freedom of the skies,
The latitude of Heaven's range,
Hope's rainbow hues that circling rise,
Relief from dead creeds, and the change
And splendid growth that comes with time!
Oh, give us these, break bolt and bar!
And we may know a fame sublime
And spotless as a shining star.

Give us the liberty from creeds
That blind the soul's divine desires,
Making us serfs to selfish deeds,
Destroying all the fervent fires
Of hope and love that burn within—
Give us such liberty and we
Shall walk no more the paths of sin,
But as the great gods ever be.

Emancipate us from a land
Where vassals bow to Gold and Greed,
Constrain us with no tyrant's hand
But let our spirits quickly speed
To realms where Freedom with her key
Unlock the doors of Thought and Truth,—
Perchance with such great liberty
We then may find the fount of youth.



OTTO WETTSTEIN, ROCHELLE, ILLINOIS.

"GIVE US THE LIBERTY FROM CREEDS
THAT BLIND THE SOUL'S DIVINE DESIRE."

And finding it our souls might blend
With other spirits in our land,
And on to Time's eternal end
Shall forward travel hand in hand,
And heart with heart, new truths to claim,
New glories find, new thoughts to see,
And with fair Freedom's deathless flame
Know more and more of liberty.

Oh, give us freedom while we go
Onward into the Silent Land;
With liberty we feel and know,
With freedom we may understand;
And when time shall destroy the chain
That binds us to the years that be,
May spirit, heart, and hands, and brain
Know death's eternal liberty.

A LEGEND OF THE INQUISITION.

IN the monarch's camarilla stood the Spaniard full of pride,
Pleading for a change of sentence, pleading for his would-be
bride.

But the king was proud and haughty, there was anger in his eye,
And to all his wild entreaties was this answer, "She must die!"

She should perish with the fagot! She—"the devil-hearted maid"—
Had by vassals been convicted, had by vassals been betrayed!

Had defied the inquisition, had of heresy been found,
And was now within a prison, strongly guarded, gagged and bound.

All his pleadings for the maiden to the monarch were in vain;
Threats and tears were more than useless, and the king in proud
disdain

Waved him from the camarilla, while his vassals standing by
Heard the Spanish lover mutter, "I shall rescue her or die!"

When he'd gone the king reclining in a grand and easy chair,
Said, "Oh, God! I've done my duty, Thou my hope, my guide, my
prayer;

"Wouldst Thou have me shield and pardon such a vile and hateful
thing
As a heretic? Thy powers are the guidance of Thy king;

"And I could not change the verdict that Thy court has made for
Thee,
Though a thousand of my subjects came and asked the boon of me;

"She must die though wars may follow, I can offer her no aid,
She must die—be burned with fagots—for the verdict has been made."

When the lover left the monarch there were tears within his eye,
But they were the tears of vengeance, he would rescue her or die.

Hope had almost left his bosom ere he'd had the interview,
Now 'twas gone—but her affection urged him on to dare and do.

Loved he well the Spanish maiden and without her at his side
Life was hopeless—she had promised to become his early bride.

And he knew her love was deathless, though behind the prison wall,
Still she loved him truly, dearly, and she was his all in all.

Love will woo us on and onward, it will like a guiding star,
Lead us on though hope hath vanished, though behind the prison's
bar

We have been incarcerated, still we humbly kiss the rod,
While within our bosom liveth all the attributes of God.

* * * * *

Bright the fagots blazed about her while her lover in despair
Saw them gladly throw and scatter all her ashes to the air!

And the Spanish lover, dying, uttered with his latest breath,
"I was true to thee, oh, loved one, true in life and true in death."

THE HOUSE IN THE VALE.

'TIS hidden by trees through the summer's long hours,
And shady and cool is this pleasant retreat;
The dooryard is brilliant with beautiful flowers,
And nothing appears so refreshing and sweet.
The robins are building their nests in the trees,
The grasses are waving about in the gale;
The chirp of the crickets and hum of the bees
Are heard near the house that stands in the vale,

Here lives Farmer Brown, and 'tis pleasant to see
His cattle and swine in the barnyard near by;
The frolicsome lambs skipping over the lea,
The chicks in the coop, the ducks that are dry;
The turkeys and ganders that strut in the grass,
The old dog asleep in the shade of the door;
Who'll wake up to growl when a stranger doth pass,
And then go to sleep when the danger is o'er.

The people are busy who live in the vale,
The farmer is thrifty and wealthy they say;
The wife in the kitchen is care-worn and pale,
And soon she will go to the graveyard away.
The horses and hogs in the yard must be fed,
The chickens and cattle need water and grain;
The husband is busy when out of his bed,
And both of them burdened with sorrow and pain.

The spring days are fleeting, the summers go by,
The storms of the winters our forms must assail;
The friends whom we love soon sicken and die,
Soon empty will be the house in the vale.
Our lives must be spent in sorrow and toil,
And years that are gone we can never recall;
Perchance when we sleep within the dark soil,
There then will be rest and contentment for all.



"THE SUMMER FLED, THE WINTER CAME,
SHE WAS UNKNOWN TO FICKLE FAME,
BUT AS THE SEASONS PASSED AWAY
SHE GREW TO BE A MAIDEN GAY."

IN MEADOWS FAIR.

IN meadows fair a little maid
Through childhood's summer gladly played;
Her laugh was like the brooklet's song,
Her heart unknown to any wrong.

She sported mid the waving grass,
A merry-hearted little lass.
She often waded in the rill,
And chased the sunbeams up the hill.

The summer fled, the winter came,
She was unknown to fickle fame;
But as the seasons sped away
She grew to be a maiden gay.

She spent her time in doing good,
And formed a noble sisterhood,
Whose duty was to shelter all
Who came in sorrow to their hall.

Thus passed her life, thus passed her days,
A woman, worthy of our praise;
A woman with a noble mind,
A help to suffering mankind.

In meadows fair the maids to-day
Are sporting all their youth away,
And when they've grown to woman's state,
Like her some will become as great.

Some will a good example be,
Will shape a brother's destiny;
And when they sleep beneath the sod,
Shall have the love and praise of God.

THE OLD HOME.

IN vain we strive to keep the tears
From falling, as we turn to face
The dear old home, that dwelling-place
Of ours for many happy years.

A spirit seems to whisper low
In language quaint, sublime and queer,
“How can you leave without a tear
The old home of the long ago?”

The old, old home where happy hours
Were often passed in childish play;
Where memories sweet did pass away
Beneath time's overwhelming powers.

We turn to go, yet linger nigh
Unwilling still to leave the place
Which time alone will soon efface
Beyond the sight of any eye.

Again we look, and through our tears
The purest feelings of the heart
Awake to life, and quickly start
Adown the mystic flight of years.

Yes, we must go; our mind is set
On something dearer yet to find.
The dear old home we leave behind
With “one pure image of regret.”

O, blessed place of rest, farewell!
We leave thee with our hopes and fears
To sail adown the fleeting years
To some fair isle where seraphs dwell.

Adieu, thou peaceful realm of light!
Along the gulf of time we stray;
We'll think of thee when far away,
We'll think of thee with glad delight.

Farewell! in leaving, all the years
Of happy childhood quick return;
Farewell! farewell! we yet may learn
Of something grander for our tears.

Old home, adieu. yet as we roam
Far from thy peaceful vale of rest
We cannot hope to be more blest
Than we were in our dear old home

ON DEATH.

WE are as leaves upon a rapid stream,
We are as lilies in a garden fair;
We hope, and fear, we weep, aspire, and dream,
And from our hopes we garner deep despair.

O, man, save thy strength to battle with death,
Who waits for thy form ere the conflict is done;
Whose cold glaring eyes, and warm sullen breath
Will change thee to dust, to lie in the sun,
Where the winds may scatter thine ashes afar,
Or the waves engulf them in fathoms of brine;
How vain are our dreams, and how little we are,
When compared with the wonders of nature divine.

We are like coals within the glowing fire,
We are like gems of snow before the sun;
No matter what we hope, or e'en desire,
The race of life is very quickly run.

O, man, thou art tossed about on the deep,
And tempted and tried by the glow and the gloom;
At last thou art borne, in thy coffin, asleep,
To a place of repose,—the rest of the tomb.

No sorrows may enter thy cavern of clay,
Thy soul may ascend to a kingdom on high;
While planets continue to bloom and decay,
No man is too perfect or noble to die.

We are like drift-wood in a surging stream,
We are like clouds within an azure sky;
Whatever we may hope, or fear, or dream,
When pale Death calls we all at last must die.

SUNSET.

IN the wondrous west on the ocean's breast
Lies the sun upon the deep,
While the fair light dies from the crimson skies
As he slowly sinks to sleep;
And the dreamy haze of his crimson blaze
Goes out of the summer air;
As over the clift my fancies drift
To a clime without a care.

He seemeth to shrink from the very brink
Of the dim horizon's line,
Out and away o'er the edge of day
To a land that is divine.
He gilded with beams of golden streams
The mountains upon the right,
And then old time with a love sublime
Gave the world another night.

THE GOOD OF THE FUTURE.

TIME from us the years shall sever,
And for sins we must atone;
Though the past hath gone forever,
Still the future is our own.
We may use it to our gladness,
We may use it to our grief;
We shall have both joy and sadness
Through our lives that are so brief.

Shall we make it pure and splendid
With love's bright and holy fire?
Shall its days be darkly blended
With the clouds of hate and ire?
Shall this foretime be a lever,
That will topple evil's throne?
Though the past hath fled forever,
Yet the future is our own.

YES, WE ARE GROWING OLD.

YES, we are growing old!
The shadows of the evening time are here!
The afternoon of life shall disappear
So swiftly that at best 'twill only seem
Much like the ghostly phantoms of a dream;
'Tis time for us to make our peace with God,
To be less frugal of our hoarded gold,
For soon we'll sleep beneath the silent sod,
For we, alas, dear wife, are growing old!

Yes, we are growing old!
No panacea of mankind can bring
Us back to life's fair promises of spring!
Nor let into our years the olden blaze
That gladdened life's too brief, bright summer days,
When in our prime we hastened fast along
Ere we had felt the autumn's frost and cold;
Alas, we once were young and blithe and strong,
But now, alas, dear wife, we're growing old!

Yes, we are growing old!
The harvest days of life are all too brief!
Ah, may Old Time in binding up life's sheaf,
Bind up good thoughts and deeds, and then destroy
The weeds and tares that grew up to annoy
Us as we journeyed swiftly down the slope
Unto the very sands of shining gold!
Oh, may we cling unto life's sweetest hope!
Alas, alas, dear wife, we're growing old!

Yes, we are growing old!

Oh, Father Time, but stay thy speed and bring

Us back once more to life's fair days of spring!

Oh, let us wander in its summer meads,

Filling life full of grand acts and good deeds!

Oh, let the autumn's harvest be complete

With precious things more valuable than gold;

Oh, let our love be yet more fond and sweet,

For we, alas, alas, are growing old!

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

WITHIN a castle by the deep
We sat and talked of other times,
Of olden days which made us weep,
And wars and half-forgotten crimes.
The waves were sobbing on the strand,
The sun was silvering the sea
When, with a master's perfect hand,
He tuned his harp and sang to me.

His songs were of the ills of life,
Its pains, its sorrows and its gloom,
The miseries of deadly strife,
The shadows of the silent tomb,
The glories that will soon decay,
The souls we dare not, cannot trust,
The honors dying in a day,
The crowns dissolving into dust;

The foolish fancies that we prize,
The passions we do not control,
The baubles that deceive the eyes,
The cares that desecrate the soul;
The rags and vermin that are ours,
The ashes we are forced to eat,
The poisons hidden in the flowers,
The deeds of sorrow and deceit;

The sin of sins—a lofty pride,
The pain of pains—a loss of fame,
The grief of griefs—love deified
Upon the sordid throne of shame—
These were the ills of which he sang
His hellish hymns of woe to me;
And with each stave the chorus rang
With sobbings of the silvered sea.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

BLEST is that heart, aye, more than doubly blest,
That is not torn and bleeding with unrest,
But gladly throbs until its life is spent,
Forever in the cottage of content.
Forever in that cottage bright and fair,
It lets not vain ambition enter there,
But is content with common things allied—
It wants not wealth, nor fame, nor showy pride.

It hath no eyes of vice and lust, to see
The graceless sinnings of mankind that be;
Nor would it interchange its lowly lot
For power, nor place, nor honors basely got.
Content it is to always be at home;
It careth not for all the art at Rome,
Nor all the sights that anywhere are found;
Its cottage home is consecrated ground.

From care unknown, from revelry and strife,
It hath a peaceful and a pleasant life;
For 'neath the vine-clad bowers of content
Its golden moments are divinely spent.
Then say we once again, that heart is blest
That is not torn and bleeding with unrest,
But gladly liveth 'till its life is spent
Within the peaceful cottage of content.



NOW THE DREARY WINDS MAY BLOW,
GONE ARE ALL THE SUMMER HOURS,
AND THE CHILLING SLEET AND SNOW
SHROUDS THE SEPULCHRE OF FLOWERS.

NOVEMBER.

NOW the dreary winds may blow—
Gone are all the summer hours,
And the chilling sleet and snow
Shrouds the sepulchre of flowers;
But the spring will come again,
And will wake to life once more
All the blossoms in the glen,
All the wavelets on the shore.

Thus is life: its stormy hours
Strengthen us for weal or woe;
And the summer's sun and showers
Yield to winter's ice and snow;
But when childhood's spring has fled
Summer gives her wealth of bloom,
While man's autumn soon is wed
To his winter's shrouded tomb.

But death's spring-time may appear
At the resurrection morn;
And the kind deeds we've done here
Be as blossoms newly born.
Then no more the winds shall blow,
Gone shall be life's trying hours;
And November's sleet and snow
Shall not blight the Eden flowers.

POETRY.

WERE I to pen the poem that cheers me night and day
And fills my soul with gladness, with glory and with light,
My muse would be as sunbeams that over ripples play,
Or star-dust gently falling upon the wings of night.

My muse would be as laughter that thrills the lover's ear,
As smiles that fall from Heaven, as glory from above;
And it would be all gladness without a sigh or tear,
A poet's psalm of pleasure, a lyric of true love.

And were my perfect poem divinely strong and grand,
And given Heaven's power according to its worth,
'Twould sing its song of gladness in every weary land,
'Twould purify each mortal who dwells upon the earth.

And I would chant my poem to kindred spirit keys,
Until each burdened sinner had cast his sins afar,
And every saddened spirit had solved life's mysteries,
And found the paths of pleasure as gold gleams from a star.

The world should see my poem and use it as a guide,
And hate would never sparkle again from human eyes;
For love supreme would banish afar each selfish pride,
And make this earth an equal to God's own paradise.

AT NIGHTFALL.

ATHWART the fields a crimson glow
Of light is cast; the setting sun
Gives notice that the day is done,
And peace to all the world below.

The cricket's and the frog's shrill scream
Resound upon the summer air;
The moonlight and the starlight fair
Proclaim 'tis time for all to dream.

The merry ripples of the rill
Seem more subdued, as if their song
Was far too difficult and long
To waken echoes o'er the hill.

Upon the meadow grass the dew
Hangs on each cavity and cup;
'Twill give its resting places up
When the warm sun appears in view.

'Tis thus a lifetime soon is gone;
We wake, and sleep, and dream, and wake,
And to the tomb our sorrows take
To await the breaking of the dawn.



MR. FRANK GRISWOLD, PLANO, ILL., BORN AUGUST 26, 1860,
DIED MARCH 28, 1879.

"IN THE DUST OF THY GRAVE, WHERE THOU ART ASLEEP,
MY YOUTH-HEART OF FRIENDSHIP LIES BURIED WITH THEE."

FRANK.

INSCRIBED TO HIS MOTHER, MRS. LUCY GRISWOLD, PLANO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR friend of my youth! The tears of affection
Are filling mine eyes as sadly I dwell
On by-gone years, not beyond recollection,
When thou and I roamed in meadow and dell,
Loving with youth-hearts so fondly and well.

The beautiful scenes that centered around us
Were filled with sweet joys of the brightest and best,
But the strong bond of love that so kindly bound us
Is severed and broken, and thou art at rest,
Thy spirit departed, thy soul angel-bless'd.

Oh, friend of my childhood! I often review
The many glad hours that with thee I've known,
And tears of regret flow like drippings of dew
That fall from the lilies by winds overthrown;
Far, far from thy tomb I anguish alone.

O'er days gone forever I often shall weep
While years onward glide to Eternity's sea;
In the dust of thy grave, where thou art asleep
My youth-heart of friendship lies buried with thee,
There my youth-heart of friendship forever must be.

Old friend, true and tried, in Death's slumber lying,
Half-forgotten at times as I hastened along,
In memory's tears my sad heart is trying
To embalm all thy virtues in undying song,
But life is too fleeting, remembrance too long.

So I'll cast on thy grave a branch from the wildwood
Where we long enjoyed child pleasures so sweet,
And bid thee farewell, oh, friend of my childhood,
'Till somehow and somewhere our spirits shall meet
In friendship as perfect, as true and complete.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

THE children had gone from the school-house room,
And the master sat in his oaken chair;
His features were sad with a look of gloom,
And thin and gray were his locks of hair;
And his eyes were dim with the flow of tears
That adown his time-worn features rolled;
He had worked and struggled for thirty years,
Yet he had no wife, nor lands, nor gold.

The sunbeams lengthened the school-room floor
And deepened the silver in his hair;
A shadow came in at the open door
And sat with the aged master there;
And it darkened the glory of the room,
While the old man gave a startled cry;
For the shadow portrayed his own dark doom,
While he thought of the happy days gone by.

The day went out with the silent sun,
And the teacher sat in the dark alone;
The shadow had gone, and death had won,
And his heart and hands were as cold as stone.
When morning dawned with her sunlight fair
The scholars came to the school-room door;—
Dead the master sat in his oaken chair;
His work was finished, his school days o'er.

DOST THOU LOVE GOD?

DOST thou love God, the universal mind?
Let thy love act through kindness for mankind;
Let not thy love in selfishness be shown,
God wants not such a love to grace His throne.

Dost thou love God, the universal all?
Then let thy love be great as thou art small;
Be great as He who ruleth all the earth,
An earnest love, a love of work and worth.

Dost thou love God, the fount of love and truth,
A comfort in old age, though jest in youth?
Oh, let thy soul be radiant with light,
And let thy love help guide mankind aright.

Dost thou love God, the source of life and love?
Then try to serve him here and then above;
To higher heights thy footsteps have not trod
Than this great earth, the almighty throne of God.

OCTOBER.

THE landscape wears a robe of beauty blent
With purple haze and colors bright and fair;
Each mountain peak appears a gorgeous tent
Against the sky, with pennons everywhere.

And nature dons this fair and gaudy dress
Of gold and crimson, decking tree and sod,
That man may see his utter nothingness
And yield his life and honors up to God.

Go forth, oh, cynics, in October's blaze
To worship nature and to honor well
Creation's God, for in her glory days
The world seems 'neath the fairies' magic spell.

Go seek in woodlands gay some fair retreat,
And bowing down in silent, earnest prayer,
Spirit with God's own spirit thus may meet
And interblend with all the glories there.



L. BLANCHE FEARING, CHICAGO, ILL.

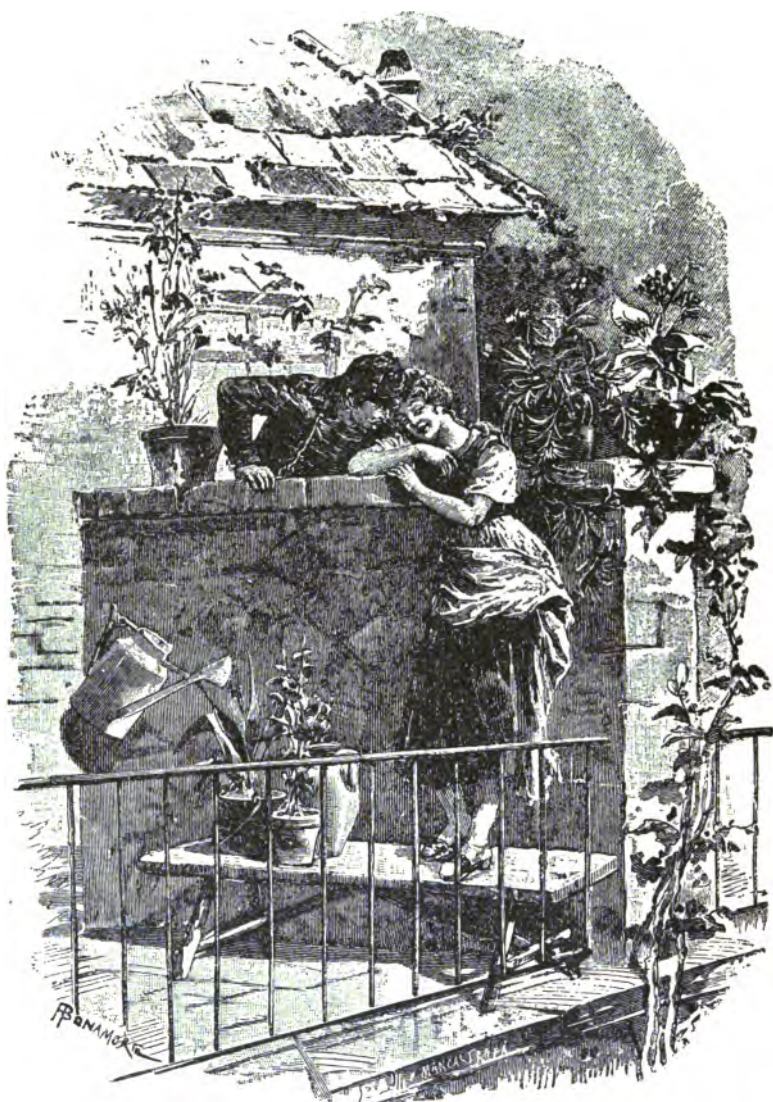
OPPORTUNITY.

DEDICATED TO MISS L. BLANCHE FEARING, CHICAGO, ILL., AUTHOR OF "IN THE CITY BY THE LAKE."

DAY-DREAMING in my chair I sit
And watch dream-visions past me flit:
One, beautiful, and fair, and grand,
Beckons with airy, fairy hand,
Then smiles and points to Fortune's gate,
And bids me not procrastinate.

But sluggard-like within my chair
I see this vision sweetly fair,
Until at last she disappears,
And I, with eyes bedimmed with tears,
Awaken with a sudden start
And cry, "Oh, tell me who thou art?"

The answer made me sorely grieve,
Although such as we oft receive;
"The vision that you chanced to see
Was life's best opportunity;
And this the lesson it would teach,
Neglected, 'tis beyond thy reach."



"'MANTHA'S LIKE HER MUTHER WUZ,
WHEN WAY BAC' FRUM SPRING TU FALL,
LUV' NOTES IN HER EARS I'D BUZZ,
LEANIN' O'ER THE GARDEN WALL."

SAMANTHA'S BAC' FRUM SKULE.

“WUL, Samantha's bac' frum skule,
Bac' an' iz a womun grown;
Mayba thinks I am a fule—
Mayba—but I'm not alone,
Fur hur muther iz with me—
Ma wuz mad when I a'pos'd
'Mantha takin' a degree
Ov grand hi' skule furbalows—
Ma's wish iz my da'ly rule,
So Samantha went tu skule.

“Went an' left us lon'sum' like
With two empty h'arts an' han's,
Ma went out upon a strike,
I guv' in tu hur deman's;
Sed that 'Mantha ourter play
The pianna, l'arn tu sing,
So Marier had hur way,
'Mantha left us 'way las' spring,
Went tu kollege, l'arn'd the style,
Leavin' us alone awhile.

'Mantha's like hur muther wuz,
When way bac' frum spring tu fall,
Luv' notes in hur ears I'd buzz,
Leanin' o'er the garden wall;
Neow the town boys visit us,
Jest tu compliment hur ways;
An' I dare not raise a fuss
If the best one stays an' stays;
'Mantha likes tu entertain
Boys of style, an' boys of brain.

“ Bet that ere anuther year
 'Mantha will jest up an' wed;
Children ar' so very queer,
 Fur the other day she s'ed,
'Dad!—she alwus calls me Dad—
 Ain't I gettin' much tuu old
Fur a common country lad,
 Without learnin', without gold?'—
 Kin' o' stuck me then an' thare
 Soon there'd be anuther pare.

“ Queer she iz sence she return'd,
 Haz strange notions in hur head,
Gues' she at the kollege le'rn'd
 Only how tu woo an' wed.”
That's the greatest thing in life,
 That's the best an' grandest rule,
'Mantha'll make a splendud wife,
 Mantha's just got bac' from skule,
 But life's skule will be, you bet,
 The best one she's entered yet.

“ In this kollege she will find
 Hardships, lessons long tu le'rn,
Oft her eyes will be so blind,
 She will know not whare tu turn;
Children will forsake hur place,
 Grow outside hur mother-rule;
Enter life's uncert'in race,
 Like Samantha go tu skule;
 Bet her h'art will kind a smile
 Should they cum' bac' fur awhile.”

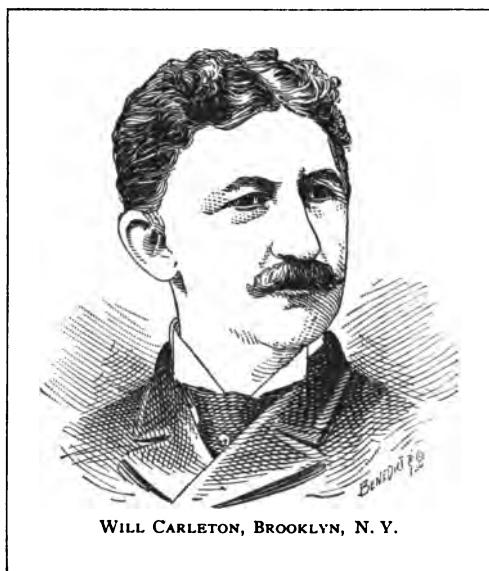
A LOVE LYRIC.

IN meadows bright with violets
And spring's fair children of the sun,
With all that love and youth begets
We romp, and play, and laugh, and run.
The crocus with a face of snow
We oft discover as a prize;
Love blushes in her cheeks, I know.
And blossoms in her eyes.

The song-birds twitter as we pass
From bud to blossom, glad and free;
She is an angel-hearted lass,
With admiration all for me.
I read it in her tender ways,
The love-clad touches of her hand;
Love teaches me the art of praise,
And makes her understand.

Ah, well! the violets may fade,
The crocus wither in the sun;
But with the merry-hearted maid
I still may laugh, and play, and run.
For love has sought us from above
And bound us though we both are free,
And in God's meadow-lands of love
She only lives for me.

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"I READ YOUR LAYS AND THROUGH GLAD DAYS
OF YOUR RENOWN I DREAMED."

PROU

WILL CARLETON.

IN early youth when Learning's truth
In rays upon me gleamed
I read your lays, and through glad days
Of your renown I dreamed.
'Twas ere your worth had spanned the earth,
Ere fame had decked your brow;
Ere fortune's gold was yours to hold,
And thus I see you now.

Unsung, unknown, a young man thrown
Upon old mother earth,
To fight his way to that fair day
When Fame shall see his worth.
You were my guide, and early pride,
My secret, inner dream;
And when you've trod the halls of God,
So shall you ever seem.

Could I indite what you would write,
I would enshrine your name
In one grand blaze of deathless lays,
And offer you their fame.
For you have thrown at me unknown
So many perfect things,
That I would crown you with renown,
Oh, Poet-king of Kings!

PHIL AND THE PEDAGOGUE.

A True Story related of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

PATRICK McNANLY used to rule
At Somerset, a district school.

His mode of teaching was to train
The pupils to obey his cane.

Each pupil was to him "an urch
That shure must fale and luv the birch."

And so, with education's rod,
With language suited to a hod,

He, by his stern, tyrannic way,
Soon forced his pupils to obey.

He was a "master man," of course—
A master, not of books, but force.

And thus, much like a monarch's rule,
He "teached" at Somerset the school.

One cold, bleak morn of frost and rime,
Two pupils came ahead of time.

To shield themselves on such a day,
Both through a window forced their way.

One boy was Sheridan, whose ride
The poet Read has glorified.

And, when inside, young Sheridan
Planned to entrap the "master man."

Above the door he placed a pail
Of water, that could hardly fail

To douse the master, and to ire
Him when he came to build the fire.

The boys then hid when this was done,
And watched and waited for the fun.

Soon Patrick came—the pail upset,
Which made him very mad and wet.

He searched the schoolhouse all around,
But no young tricksters could be found:

For in a neighbor's loft of hay
The roguish scamps were hid away.

Pat built a fire to dry his clothes,
And waited madly for his foes,

He grasped within his brawny hand
A six-foot club—his ruling wand;

And vowed in vengeance there to rule,
To whip each boy that came to school,

Until he had the right one found,
Who should receive a double round.

A small boy first, both weak and slim,
Pat seized—"to shake the truth from him;"

So followed every blameless lad,
Whom Patrick thought so mean and bad;

And each he whipped, and tried to force
"The truth from him," but failed, of course.

When all but one behind remained,
Had been well shaken, whipped and blamed.

At last through snow and winds so chill
Came little, roguish "Fighting Phil."

McNanly met him with a frown,
And boldly tried to run him down,

For Sheridan, with nimble feet,
Began a masterly retreat;

And down the road, through drifts of snow,
Both like a streak of light did go.

The whole school followed fast and fleet—
As Phil went gliding down the street.

Phil ran and did his level best,
Because he was, in truth, hard-pressed;

While Patrick, from his madness blind,
Was scarce a dozen steps behind.

In time Phil reached his father's yard,
Where he had left his dog on guard.

There was a battlefield divine,
And Philip's "Brave" was well in line;

And there the place which Philip chose
To face one of his strongest foes;

And there his dog, with teeth revealed,
Helped him to win the hard-fought field.

Phil turned upon his master mad,
And showed him all the strength he had.

His schoolmates cheered Phil's noble stand,
But dared not lend a helping hand;

Yet while Philip his grit reveals,
The dog is at poor Patrick's heels.

Outflanked as any man could be,
McNanly soon took to a tree.

And high upon an apple limb,
The whipped and unwhipped laughed at him.

Pat looked much like a drowned rat,
Phil asked, "Why don't you whip me, Pat?"

Pat cried, "Shure, ye shall rue the hour
I ever get ye in me power;

For by St. Patrick I shall lame
Ye for yer dirty little game!"

"Why don't you do it, Patrick, now?"
Asked Philip with a pleasant bow.

"Becase ye won't give me fair play
An' call yer bloody pup away."

McNanly threatened, shivered, bawled,
And then for Philip's father called;

For he was freezing wet and cold,
And found it did no good to scold,

Because Phil kept the dog so spry,
Upon a carpet handy by.

And told "Brave" to keep watch of him
Who sat astride the apple limb;

His father coming, there did see
McNanly up the apple tree,

And with a very pleasant grin
He took the situation in,

And asked poor Patrick on his bough
If he was "picking apples now?"

Poor Patrick, in a brogue of wrath,
Told how he had received a bath,

How he had whipped the boys at school,
That they might better know his rule,

How by his actions Philip had
Shown that he was the guilty lad,

How he had chased him to the yard,
And found the "bloody pup" on guard,

How both the dog and boy agreed,
How he'd been bitten, beaten, treed,

How all his school stood grinning by,
How he would conquer Phil or die.

He asked the father there to stay,
And call the watchful dog away,

To see him capture "Fighting Phil,"
That he might wallop him until

He had been truly conquered, and
Resigned the right to his command!

The father tried to call away
The dog, but "Brave" would not obey;

Then, thinking Phil perhaps was right,
Left them to settle their own fight.

McNanly could not teach his school,
For "up a tree" he could not rule;

So Philip, with most prudent sense,
Made Pat revoke the morn's offense;

Made him there feel his littleness,
To use his rod a trifle less,

To promise, up that apple tree,
That he a kinder man would be;

Made him the by-word of the town,
Before he let the tyrant down;

Made him cool off—for Phil's delight
Was a surrender or a fight.

The dog called off, McNanly's rule
Again assumed its place in school;

But from that morn young "Fighting Phil,"
Though noble, manly, strong of will,

Though peaceful, and avoiding strife,
Was never whipped in all his life.

In after years his country's call
Proved him the bravest of them all;

For when death-bolts hissed through the air,
Brave "General Fighting Phil" was there;

He fought four years, and toiled to see
Our flag, the slaves and country free—

Fought on to vindicate his faith,
And conquered everything but death.

MY BOOKS.

OH, books of mine! Ye take me ever
Over the broken span of years,
Where, in the light of Youth's endeavor,
Life one sweet dream of bliss appears.

With thee I feel as then, fresh-hearted,
Glad as the lark, as blithe and free
As when on Learning's way I started
To find the sweetest sweets in thee!

In gardens old and meadows vernal,
Neath shady elms with thee I walk,
And quaff from thee the sweets eternal,
Aye, with the saints and sainted talk!

Each treasured volume has a glory
That seems a part of the divine,
Each tells a truly perfect story
So beautiful, Oh, books of mine!

THEY SLUMBER NOW.

THEY slumber now. With lips forever dumb,
 Freed from War's awful, frightful, cruel, charms;
 The bugle's voice, the fife, the blare of drum
 Cannot call them to arms.

They slumber now. With hands forever still
 On battlefields serenely side by side.
 'Twas God's appointed way, His mighty will
 That thus they lived and died.

They slumber now. With hearts that cannot beat.
 In quiet graveyards near or far away,
 'Neath Freedom's flag they marched with willing feet,
 To God's eternal day.

They slumber now. But at the Judgment morn
 Each Boy in Blue shall grasp his Father's hand
 And know why hatred in the heart was born—
 In love shall understand.

They slumber now. And though we shed our tears
 Of memory upon them hid from sight
 The truth for which they died shall gem the years
 With its eternal light.

They Slumber Now.

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They slumber now. Each soldier's humble mound
Is a sad monument that speaks to you and me
Saying, "Our land is Freedom's holy ground,"
'Twas them that made it free.

They slumber now. And with our garlands fair
We deck the graves where they with peace are blessed;
For our dear land they died. Oh may they share
God's realm of endless rest.

“’TWILL NOT BE LONG.”

’TWILL not be long till death shall come
And you shall slumber ’neath the sod,
With white hands crossed, and pale lips dumb,
Alone with God.

’Twill not be long ere fame shall cease
To beckon you to heights sublime,
For death shall bring you pain or peace,
Throughout all time.

’Twill not be long till wealth shall fail
To satisfy your soul’s demand,
For nothing can with death prevail,
Nor loose his hand.

’Twill not be long ere you shall be
Consigned to mould within the tomb,
Then cometh an eternity
Of joy or gloom.

"GOD IS LOVE." *

SOME years ago a church was built
To lead men out of sin and guilt;
Its steeple pointed to the skies
As angels point to Paradise,
While o'er its pulpit just above
Was placed in gas-jets—"GOD IS LOVE."

They thought perhaps this flaming sign
Might make some sinful soul divine,
They knew that preaching could not bring
All men unto their God and King,
But hoped by using fiery darts
They'd burn this motto in men's hearts.

One night a sinner passed along
Upon his awful way of wrong
And sin-sick sorrow, to behold
Much like a sign of molten gold,
That motto through the door ajar
In letters brilliant as a star.

"God does not love me," then he cried,
"His love for me has long since died,
I am a sinner poor and vile,
Not worthy of His gentle smile.
It may be so in Heaven above,
But God on earth comes not to love."

He could not pass the door but turned
To where that splendid motto burned
Above the pulpit while its flame
Made fiercer his debasing shame;
Though hearing not the pastor's voice,
It taught his spirit to rejoice.

It taught him in a moment's span
God's everlasting love for man;
It taught him in a moment's space
God's everlasting love and grace;
It taught him with its golden light
To live, to love, to think aright.

And though from God we often stray
Into some dark and sinful way,
And though we often are in night
Because we seek to hide His light,
And though we doubt He reigns above
We feel and know that—"GOD IS LOVE."

* Written after reading a sermon by D. L. Moody, entitled "Love that Passeth Knowledge," containing the story upon which this is founded.

ON THE CLIFFS.

DEDICATED TO MY OLD SCHOOLMATE AND FRIEND, WILL F. WALRAVEN, ROCKWELL CITY, IOWA.

THIS is an old and simple tale that I will tell to thee:
See yonder cliff of jagged rocks that overhangs the shore?
Where seagulls build their nests and live a life sublimely free
Where breakers, mountain high, spring up and with the wild
winds roar.

'Twas there the seagulls built their nests in summer days gone by,
And there egg-hunters with a rope were lowered down the side
To gather eggs, and ferns, and moss,—between the earth and sky.
With Heaven's placid blue above—below the silver tide.

A slender hempen rope, that seemed a cobweb to the eyes,
Thus often held a heavy man above the surging wave,
The while he lowered down himself to gather up the prize
That lay upon each rocky ledge and in each nook and cave.

One day a hunter all alone quick clambered down the ledge
And swinging to a rocky shelf he dropped the hempen string
Which swaying far beyond his reach thus left him on the edge
Or side of that stupendous cliff, a frightened, helpless thing.

His only hope was in the wind that played about the sea,
Which tossed the rope both to and fro and softly in and out;
So near 'twould swing and then so far the hempen cord would be
That both despair and hope were his the while it moved about.

U O P M

Oh, how he longed and waited for the rope to meet his hand,
 One firm true grip, one honest grasp and he would quickly go
 Up to the rocky plain above where he might firmly stand
 Released from dying on the ledge or in the waves below.

The sun descended in the west, a storm cloud swept the world
 The billows shrieked, the night came on and darkness filled the sky,
 The hunter, shivering on the ledge, was often almost hurled
 Into the surging gulf below where he would surely die.

The night sped by on storm-swept wings, the morning kissed the beach
 And shed its rays of beauty o'er a calm and quiet sea;
 The blast had blown the rope upon a rock within his reach
 He grasps it,—quickly mounts above,—and soon is safe and free.

So stand we on the ledge of life! Time is the rolling wave!
 God's love the only rope that will let us to Heaven climb!
 The storms of doubt, of trials and grief are storms that come to save
 To quicken hope within our souls and make our lives sublime.

Then grasp the rope of faith and trust and climb to God on high,
 Sink not into the grave of sin, plunge not into its sea;
 O hunters on the cliffs of life! Its storm shall soon pass by,
 And thou canst climb to God's fair land and evermore be free.

Keep, ever keep a faith in God! Climb upward unto Him,
 Though storm-clouds wreck thy earthly hopes, He is thy truest
 Friend,
 Though failures, sorrow, storms of doubt may make His presence dim,
 Still hope that comes from God on high grows brighter at the end.

And when the night of trial is gone God's sunlight from above
 Shall kiss the wasted cheek and call thy faithful soul away
 To freedom's highest heights, to His eternal love
 To know the peace, the joy and bliss of His most perfect day.

W. D. L.

MY LITTLE BLUE-EYED MAID.

SHE came, my little blue-eyed maid,
Upon a glory-day in spring,
From Eden on an angel's wing,
To be my fondest joy and aid.

Her eyes, blue as the violet,
Her cheeks, twin roses half in bloom,
Her breath, sweet as a pink's perfume,
Made her my greatest pride and pet.

But faded are my darling's eyes,
Her cheeks soon lost their rosy hue—
Her spirit passed away from view,
Grim death arrayed it for the skies.

And I am lonely since she died,
So lonely that beyond the skies
I hope to meet in Paradise
My little blue-eyed pet and pride.

“REST COMETH AFTER ALL.”

THOUGH friends desert you in the race for fame,
 Though fortune leaves you for some other goal,
 Though you are blameless, yet receive much blame,
 Though sorrow dwelleth deep within your soul,
 Though life has been a failure and you plod
 Foot-sore and weary o'er this earthly ball,
 Still if you have a faith, a trust in God—
 Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then higher climb,
 Rest cometh after all, though wealth departs,
 The world may blame you, yet a rest sublime
 Shall drive the sorrow from your heart of hearts,
 Though life's sad failures make you onward plod
 Sin-sick and weary till you reach the pall,
 But with a faith, a hope, a peace with God—
 Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then let us go
 Forth to the duties of this fleeting life,
 Bearing our Master's burden, for we know
 In Him is comfort and a rest from strife
 And worldly sorrows; let our faith be shod
 With love and mercy, while we ever call
 Our friends to an eternal, mighty God—
 Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then as we seek
A higher life, a better, grander road,
Let us of Him as a dear Savior speak,
For He will help us bear life's awful load
Of cares and sins, of doubt and unbelief,
Of earthly struggles, be they great or small,—
We thank Thee, God, that life and trials are brief—
Rest cometh after all.

“IN AFTER YEARS.”

“IN after years,” the poet said—
“ In after years,
When my poems have been read,
They will judge my works and ways,
Give me kindly words of praise,
And for all my toils and tears
I’ll have fame in after years—
In after years.”

“ In after years,” the banker cried—
“ In after years,
Long, long after I have died
Men shall say, ‘ This man of wealth
Was, in sickness and in health,
A friend to all who were in tears,—
He blessed mankind in after years ’—
In after years.”

“ In after years,” the poet’s grave—
“ In after years,”
Was beneath the ocean’s wave,
And the banker’s humble tomb
Was void of monument or bloom;
Unremembered both have found
Wealth’s and Fame’s unhonored ground;
Both had many trials and fears
To know them not,—in after years—
“ In after years.”

LIFE'S MUTABILITY.

AH, this life is not secure,
We, amid the selfish throng,
Let the heights of fame allure
Us with tired feet along.
O'er the track of life we range
Faster, faster with the crowd,
Who, as seasons come and change,
Soon shall slumber 'neath the shroud.

In the dim land of our dreams
Fortune spreads before our eyes
Many jewels, many beams,
Many honors we would prize,
But a barrier intervenes,
And 'tis never swept away,
While these rare, enchanting scenes
Keep us working day by day.

Keep us toiling evermore
For the baubles we would gain,
Till at last we leave the shore
Where our labors seem in vain;
But when comes the final hour,
When we draw our latest breath,
We may then receive the power
For the labors after death.

OUR WORTH.

I HOLD that all of life is used
In summing up what we are worth,
As all the elements are fused
To make this mighty earth.

Not one great act, nor golden deed,
One glowing speech that was sublime,
Shall be the only thing we'll need
To stand the wear of time.

Both love and hate shall be as all,
Both doubt and faith—all deeds on earth,
The greatest things, as well as small,
Shall show our royal worth.

Yea, all we've ever left undone,
And all we ever do shall be
The test where Heaven's crown is won,
And what God's eyes shall see.

ON THE RIVER.

BY the river flowers quiver in the gleesome, summer air,
And a boat, containing lovers, rocks upon the silver tide;
She, a maiden, overladen with a crown of silken hair,
He, a youth, light-hearted, handsome, wooing such a bonny bride.

On the river ripples shiver in each sunbeam's purple ray,
While the boat is idly rocking, idly rocking on the tide;
Swaying, shifting, they are drifting down into the silent bay,
Drifting onward, swiftly onward in life's shallop, side by side.

Loving, hoping, onward groping down the rapid stream of life,
Down into the silent ocean, where their boat shall surely strand;
Sighing, fearing, ever cheering on each other in the strife—
Surely both shall sail together on into the Better Land.

IF.

IF man would but his finer nature know!
How much of sorrow, misery and woe
Would from his life be sifted out, and then
Much nobler still might be his fellow men!

If man would but his better nature learn!
How much of passion, much of sins that burn
The life-blood from his heart so full of doubt
Might, by this learning, all be blotted out!

If man would but his finer nature feel!
How many painful wounds his hands might heal
That now make miserable his brothers, when
They should be helpful, earnest, toiling men!

If man would truly know and feel and learn
His better nature, he to God must turn
And walk with Him who on dark Gallilee
Walked o'er the waves and set the sinner free.

If man would grandly feel and learn and know
His better nature he could onward go
From one great deed to others just as grand,
Until he came to God's fair Perfect Land.

THE EDITOR OF BOOMTOWN.

HUMAN nature is a fabric of many curious things,
Whether sewed up into poets, whether cut up into kings,
Whether stitched up into printers, whether editors are made,
It will rip, and shrink, and ravel; it will wash, and wear, and fade.

And the moral of the story will be plain to thinking men,
When they read the little garment that we've hem-stitched with our
pen;

For poor rhymsters sew in stitches, just as all did years ago,
Ere the shuttle and the needle swiftly clattered to and fro.

Now Jim Jones was an editor, so everybody said,
When they first saw his honest face and finely moulded head;
He budded as an editor ere he could speak or walk,
He was in truth a scion from a literary stalk.

Though he much like a rocket came from somewhere in the skies,
With roguish mouth, and dimpled chin, a god-like pair of eyes,
With well-built limbs and little hands the ladies might caress
That soon would gather strength enough "to pull an old hand press."

He had such pretty little lips, so cute and kindly true,
That they were sure to make you smile—you know how babies do?
But when those cute lips puckered up into a baby bawl
His face much like the ocean seemed—forever in a squall.

His other little baby ways were more than half sublime,
His mother loved him more and more as he kept step with time,
Till twenty years had run their course much as a tireless train,
And Jones developed quite a stock of grit, and gall, and brain.

Now editors may need such things in life's uncertain race
To bolster up the sinking heart, and give it faith and grace;
Give us the man with courage yet, who, striving, loses all,
Give us the man who still relies on grit, and brain, and gall.

Ah! heavenly was his infant laugh so full of zephyr tones,
We tell the truth, the plain sweet truth,—the world admired Jones!
All through his early boyhood days as seasons went and came
The world declared that he would climb the highest heights of fame.

His early boyhood days were passed somewhere within the east,
Where bards and beans and other bugs are good to say the least;
And then desiring Indian scalps, the longest and the best,
He came with type and printing press out to the woolly west.

Now it is said that men who wish a nice official pull,
Do not remain where they are born to gather scalps and wool,
But hie themselves to other climes with prospects bright and fair,
And so Jim Jones commenced out west his crops of wool and hair.

And Jones became an editor with great ambitions fired,
With heavy editorials that made some people tired,
For measured by their grammar and their pugilistic rounds
They weighed upon a pair of scales at least a hundred pounds.

His little "Boomtown Bugle" was in travail sadly born,
At first much like a village band—a weak, consumptive horn,
But when Jim blew a little blast into its pages white
You could observe that it was tuned forever in the right!

Jim's education had been fair, his common sense was such
That if you pressed him to the wall, he'd go off in a touch;
His paper had a half-scared look with typographic sins,
But when you read it you could see the stuff that always wins.

The "Boomtown Bugle" was a sheet that was not great in size,
But blanket sheets do not take well, nor carry off the prize;
Its editor on passes rode as some do to this day,
But when his store bills came around he couldn't always pay.

And "comps" he always had a lot to every sacred spree,
Of course salvation was for him, as 'tis for you and me;
And tickets to the shows were his whene'er they came to town,
Like you and I he loved to taste the chestnuts of the clown.

We've often thought that editors, at least six out of seven,
Would get a royal pass some day into the gates of Heaven;
Since they on earth get many "comps" by puffs not made to smell,
Sweet puffs that ought to blow them past the very gates of—well—

Jones kept a steady hand upon the throttle of his head,
Red western whisky did not paint his nose a royal red;
Red western whisky did not taint his brains a dirty brown,
Stale beer and ale he did not boom, the while he boomed the town.

He kept his little army press in splendid shape and trim,
Which means his little army press stood guard in keeping him;
And while the world went wagging on, and some things went to
smash,
Jim Jones, of Boomtown, gathered in great heaps of golden cash.

The motto of the "Bugle" was a poet's mad conceit:
"Don't trust the man who fails to take this lively local sheet,
For ten to one he owns two dogs, his record's not the best,
Come in and plunk two dollars down—the "Bugle" does the rest.

The editor who does his best may wear bright diadems,
But Jones invested in pay dirt instead of diamond gems;
He bought a steam press when his town had just a trifle grown,
Ate common food, wore common clothes, but grandly held his own.

His local columns were replete with local items dressed
In language all too prevalent and native to the west;
For Jim had learned with shrewdest wit his honest little trade,
And when it came to calling names, he called a spade a spade.

Jones knew that all subscribers loved to wollow deep in pride,
He fed them full of flattery and praised them till they died;
Though praises on his virgin sheet were oft in color dim,
Yet every man who paid for it got a Thanksgiving hymn.

Jim prospered till his one-horse sheet became of greater worth,
For he had boomed Chicago, and he more than owned the earth;
And the moral of this story is that Jim Jones gained renown
Because he gathered scalps and wool within a booming town.

And human nature is a cloth of many curious things
Whether hemmed up into rhymers, whether stitched up into kings,
Whether sewed up into printers, whether editors are made,
It will tear, and shrink, and ravel, it will wash, and wear and fade!

THE KING'S CELEBRATION.

THE king goes by in golden cloth parading,
For him is this display,
His floral-crown and clothes e'en now are fading,
His form will soon decay,
In some damp tomb, to dust and be forgotten,
Far from all pomp and strife;
The world grows larger and becomes more rotten,
'Tis born of human life!

The very dust his charger's feet is treading
Was flesh and blood and bone
In Time's fair morning, yet, it isn't shedding
A single cry or moan.
Then why this pomp? This glitter, glare and glory?
Those colors flying high?
Since fame, and wealth, and life are transitory,
And all the kings must die?

Why all this flutter, feathers, flare and flourish?
This gaudy glow and glare?
Since all these gilded things must surely perish,
These things so frail yet fair,
Born of the hour to make this celebration
A 'great success'—a show
That gives the heartless mobs some consolation,
The mobs that bluff and blow.

Why this review of armies promenading?
That they may show each prize?
E'en now they are within the distance fading
From sight of human eyes.

They are such martial bands of mirth and madness
That they hear not afar
The widows' wail the orphans' shriek of sadness
That tells them what they are!

For on fierce battle-fields, blood-red and gory,
They murdered many sires!
That they might make themselves a name of glory,
They builded human pyres!
Then why this pomp? This seeming show of power?
This mummary array?
This vain pretentious triumph of an hour?
These glow-worms of to-day?

Soon will your shouts and vauntings all be over,
Your mockeries of glee;
And you shall lie beneath the grave-yard clover,
Or in the surging sea.
Your king, perhaps, within a crumbling palace
Shall sleep encoffined there,
And be a sight for human hate and malice,
Whose dust has not a care.

Why should the cannon's boom? Their mighty thunder
Cannot effect the world;
See, see the king, how proudly he goes under
That arch of flags unfurled!
The horses prance so gladly to their places,
The soldiers march in time;
See pride and hate engraved upon their faces,
Is this, is this sublime?

Is this sublime when it recalls the battle
Where thousands fought and died?
Hear, hear the drums, with martial music rattle,
Is this man's greatest pride?

Is this his pride? Does this, when he is near it,
Arouse his hopes to-day?
Or does he think how his foe's wounded spirit
Heard it—and passed away?

Then move along in royal ostentation,
Oh, brutal hearts in bloom!
The pride, the hope, the glory of your nation,
Move onward—to the tomb!
Your king is now a being celebrated,
Sing loud your marching song!
With strength, and pride, and victory elated,
Go where you all belong.

Take, take your hate and selfishness in going;
Oh, let your triumphs cease!
Prepare the world, all ready for the sowing,
Prepare the world for Peace!
Let her seed come, with gladdest exultation,
From God's eternal shore
To bless each tribe, each blood-bought brutal nation
Forever! evermore!

Move on, move on, oh, men of earthly glory!
Move onward—to the tomb!
Your lives of lust, thank God, are transitory!
Give Peace a chance to bloom
Upon the grave of War—let love be blended
With human hopes and life;
Let Peace, sweet Peace, by mankind be befriended,
The world be free from strife.

And let us see no more such glories vaunted
As what we have seen here;
Let us move on with flags of peace undaunted
By doubts beyond the bier;
With sunbeams bending o'er us like a rafter
Our souls shall find release
From life's stern cares in days that follow after,
For God is Love and Peace.



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

THE TEMPERANCE AGE.

DEDICATED TO MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, THE TEMPERANCE QUEEN OF AMERICA,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ON the hill-top stood a college and they taught the children there
All that's good unto a nation, all that wise men say is well;
Three saloons made weak this knowledge, standing in the valley fair,
With their dews of desolation and their awful dregs of hell!
Men contended with each other, said it was the wiser plan
For saloons to hold the city underneath an awful sway;
Teaching man to hate his brother, bringing poverty to man,
While the teachers, full of pity, strove to teach a grander way.

Men, who patronized these places, said the city would not measure
Up to other cities near it, if saloons were kept afar,
Men contended that the races, if deprived of sinful pleasure,
Would as children greater fear it, and grow weaker than they
are.

Men contended that the city would not thrive and grow in glory
Should these dens on some to-morrow cease their traffic unto
souls;

Men drank deep, with few to pity, older grew in sin and hoary,
Following the cup of sorrow and the misery she holds.

On the hill-top stood the college like a fortress strong in battle,
While the city nursed three devils, in these dram shops side by
side,
From its doors boys, rich in knowledge, like a hungry drove of
cattle,
Flocked to hell-holes, where in revels, oft they met and drank and
died!

Yet the teachers kept their portals open wide, their torches higher
 As they poured the oil of learning on into a brighter blaze,
 While these dram-shops burned poor mortals on a sacrificing fire
 As they, love and knowledge spurning, reveled deep in drunken
 ways.

Thus the moments, shadow-freighted, and the seasons time-delighted,
 Followed fast upon each other into swiftly flying years;
 Wives and husbands separated, and their sons, to rum united,
 Cursed the father and the mother, who had brought them grief
 and tears.

Lo! there came a time when reason said dram-shop should cease to
 be,

 Said saloons were not in keeping with the churches and the
 schools,

And in that good time and season all mankind shall point to thee,
 And shall say as thou art sleeping, "Lo, her Age of Temperance
 rules!"

"IN GOD'S TIME."

IN God's time," the maiden cried—"In God's time
I shall be a happy bride,
For beyond the ocean wave
Is a lover true and brave,
He will come some time to me,
From across the stormy sea
With a heart that is sublime,—
We shall wed in God's time—in God's time."

"In God's time," the lover said, "In God's time
After Care and Gloom are dead,
With a love that's yet alive
I with storms and waves shall strive,
And shall sail across the foam
To my little island home
Where my bride doth fashion rhyme—
There we'll dwell in God's time—in God's time."

In God's time—she watched the sea—in God's time,
With a heart of hope and glee
Till one day a ship—a speck—
Dashed upon the shore a wreck,
With her lover cold and dead!
Then the maiden sadly said,
"What hath been my sin or crime
That he came thus in God's time—in God's time?"

CHARLES V. AT MARTIN LUTHER'S TOMB.

BY Luther's tomb the monarch stood
 With ensigns gleaming in the sun,
 That day a battle red with blood
 By his brave troopers had been won.
 A soldier, with a spade and pick,
 Cried, while the king was standing there,
 "Let us dig up this heretic,
 And give his ashes to the air!"

The monarch's face grew flushed with scorn,
 His heart beat high within his breast,
 He thought of Luther's life forlorn,
 How he was now at peace and rest;
 How he had braved the wrath and might
 Of bigots by the words he said,
 And then cried Charles—the gallant knight!
 "I war, I war not with the dead!"

Brave words are these! Oh, let us take,
 Them as a maxim for the mind,
 For hate nor fierce opinion's sake
 War not on those we've left behind
 Within the silent voiceless clay
 For what their conscience may have said,
 But let us with the monarch say,
 "I war, I war not with the dead."

THIS LIFE MEANS ACTION.

THIS life means action,—from the early dawn
Till death reminds us that the day is gone,
Till all the sunbeams shimmer from the sky,
This life means action, or we faint and die.

This life means action,—death is holy calm,
A period of rest, the soul's sweet balm,
A respite in the grave that God doth give,
This life means action, or we cannot live.

This life means action,—through a pathless space
The planets move upon an endless race,
Each keepeth on its God-appointed way,
This life means action, or we soon decay.

This life means action,—rivers onward flow,
The ocean billows ever forward go,
The winds are soon beyond the hour's recall,
This life means action, or no life at all.

This life means action,—all the years of time,
The force electric, and the hymn sublime
That Nature sings so sweetly soon are past,
This life means action, or no life at last.

This life means action, action evermore,
And at its best its fleeting days are o'er
And gone long, long before we realize
That life means action, or it quickly dies.



B. O. FLOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

THE POET'S DREAM.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. B. O. FLOWER, EDITOR OF THE ARENA, BOSTON, MASS.

I.

THE Poet sleeps; the dreamy seer
Looks thus upon the field of life,
For saddened with the sad scenes here,
With crime and care, with woe and strife,
He sees, in dreams, his brother man
By despots and by brutes controlled,
Beneath the over-whelming ban
Of lusts and graspings after gold.

He sees the farmer work and run,
And toil with hands, and heart and brain,
From early morn, till set of sun,
Through heat and cold, and snow and rain,
To gain a home where he may dwell
Secure from want, with wife and child,
Forever resting 'neath the spell
Of Debt that has that home defiled.

He sees the wife a beggar grown,
With care-worn face and saddened brain,
Make to the world her daily moan,
That never harkens to her pain.
He sees the child by labor bent
To man's hard duties oft in youth,
He sees them all in discontent,
While Falsehood guards the gate of Truth.

He sees the smoke of furnace fires
Rise from the city's ceaseless din,
Where man must stifle his desires
The mouldy crusts of life to win.
He sees his children wade and grope
Through dirty dens, or slimy street,
Where there is not a gleam of hope,
Where vice, and crime, and sorrow meet.

He sees the miner in the mines
Deep down, in dampness and in gloom,
Where not a gleam of daylight shines,
Toil on in labor's awful tomb!
He sees the poor girl at the mill
Work as a slave the livelong day,
That she may live and hope until
Some brute shall steal her rights away.

The farmer, miner, work girl, all
Are types of misery and woe,
Showing the sway and selfish thrall,
And reign of Selfishness below.
Showing the brutal strength of lust
That lives as only vultures can;
The hate dust shows to brother dust,
When man wars with his brother man.

He sees all labor poorly paid,
Except the work that bad men do;
He sees fair human blossoms fade,
He sees the true become untrue.
He sees man force his brother down
To awful crimes, that they may own
And wear in pride a gaudy crown,
And sit upon a tinselled throne.

He sees Vice lording over rights
Of men and women, near and far,
He sees Sin's darkest, blackest nights,
Without a hope, without a star!
He sees Right bowing down to Wrong,
While Vice is kissing Virtues' lips;
He sees the Weak rule o'er the Strong,
While Goodness suffers an eclipse.

He sees the judge in ermine take
The bribe that robbers offer him;
He sees fair Justice half awake,
While Sin's fair eyes are never dim.
He sees the statesman bought and sold,
The orphan wronged, the widow made
To feel the power of Greed and Gold,
With none to shelter and to aid.

He sees Sin's goodly feast outspread,
Where stolen gems of beauty shine,
While Mammon sits there at the head
Drunken upon the rarest wine.
He sees that Virtues' pauper plate
Has little on it rare and sweet,
While labor sits so desolate,
Clothed as a beggar of the street.

He sees men's savagery of heart,
When Gold becomes their only prey,
Playing at best the gambler's part,
In seeking for it night and day.
He sees that Murder's knife is red
With blood that flows as rivers flow;
That Mercy's rays are never shed
Where armies travel to and fro.

The Poet wakes! 'Tis not a dream
That has disturbed his weary brain,
For all these things are as they seem,—
Goodness and Virtue oft are slain,
And as twin sisters fill one tomb,
While Vice and Wrong as brothers rend
The fairest human buds that bloom
In memory of man's buried friend.

The Poet wakes! And, as a seer,
He sees the centuries unfold
On all the human vices here,
On all the heartless heaps of gold;
On all the miseries that flow
From love of gold and Vices' stream,
And in humiliating woe,
He knows his dream was more than dream.

II.

The Poet sleeps to dream again!
The Old had perished and the New
Fair age of Love gives to all men
That which to each and all was due.
He saw mankind so long enchained
Put on fair Labor's brow a crown;
While Love and Hope and Peace remained,
And all there was of high renown.

He saw the birth of Goodness then,
And Virtues resurrection day:
The scaffold and the pauper pen
And labor prisons swept away!
And o'er the Future's fair, sweet morn
A rainbow of these awful years
Was, with the rays of Justice born,
That fills the Poet's eyes with tears.

He saw the golden age of Peace
Then right the wrongs that War had wrought;
He saw the love of Money cease,
He saw the mighty age of Thought.
He saw proud Reason on her throne,
He saw the age of Joy at last;
And Crime and Sin and Grief were known
As nightmares of the bloody past.

He saw where Mercy ever ran,
Gone were the auction blocks of old.
Gone was man's hate for any man,
Gone was the curse of loving gold;
Gone was man's heartlessness and greed,
The love of self was then unknown,
And Virtue planted golden seed,
In this fair land, an Eden grown.

III.

Thus shall the centuries sweep by,
Thus shall the age of Peace and Love
Come from the years that ever fly
From the eternal Source above!
Lo! Justice seemingly is blind
Yet, soon shall cease Sin's awful blight,
And future years no more shall find
The Wrong triumphing over Right.

Lo! When this Poet' dream shall come
To be the dream of each and all,
The lips of Vice shall then be dumb
The strong, the large, be as the small
And weak and lowly. Lo! 'Twill seem
That all past years were not in vain;
This Poet's dream was not a dream,
Nor nightmare of the human brain.

GOOD NIGHT.

WE lisp it in our mother's arms,
 Wrapped warm in garments white,
As sleep enshrouds us with her charms,
 We smile and say, "Dood-night."

In sweet and simple childlike glee,
 Ere age brings grief and care,
We speak it at our mother's knee,—
 'Tis half of every prayer.

We hear it at the schoolhouse door,
 When Evening comes in sight,—
Old age recalls it o'er and o'er,
 The schoolmate's fond "Good-night."

Oft-times beside the garden walk,
 'Tis whispered sweet and sly,
Where lovers linger long and talk,
 As hours and hours speed by.

We hear it said in cabins bare
 In which man comes from strife
Of daily tasks that he may share
 His earnings with the wife.

And oft in palaces of stone
 'Tis said in accents sweet,
Where pale Want never makes her moan,
 Where Plenty reigns complete.

Beside the sufferer's dreary bed,
Where pain and grief abide,
We hear it sadly, softly said
Ere the dear friend hath died.

And when the bright and heavenly ray
Shall break upon our sight,
What sweeter words can then we say?
"Old earth, frail earth, Good-night."

Though Fame may never come to bless,
Though Sorrow oft may blight,
Yet God is watching our success
With every fond "Good-night."

Though Faith may sometimes seem to show
A weak, uncertain light;
Yet God is guarding us, we know,
With every true "Good-night."

Though Doubt may steal our faith away
And cloud our feeble sight,
Yet there shall come a brighter day—
After each glad "Good-night."

Then when we have what now we seek,
In Eden's deathless light,
What sweeter words can then we speak?
"Old earth" "Good-night"—"Good-night."

OTTO WETTSTEIN

Jeweler · and · Diamond · Merchant

(ESTABLISHED 1857.)

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